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For the New-Yorker.

A DOMESTIC PICTURE.

MAY! thou art blessed ever in thy death,
When from thy violet pillow moist-eyed June
Uprears the golden sceptre. We rejoice,
'Mid all our grateful sighs and filial tears,
At the rare gifts thou dost bequeath unto
Thy beautiful successor—sunny morns,
And soft south winds, and trees with tender leaves,
And birds with plumage fine and heavenly song,
And flowers of rainbow radiance, sending forth
From their bright lips a renovating charm,
Dull languor's antidote. Yes, we rejoice,
And register with care-observing hand
Each little picture of the 'sunny time'
In Memory's ample book—that when the hours
Of cold and cheerless Winter have come on,
We may like children gather round the fire,
And gazing on each Summer-tinted scene,
Be happy at the Past.

Thou seest, beloved friend,
This little valley in its vernal dress,
'Mid whose green bowers still blend
Rich sunset hues with lingering caress;
And in whose softest, sunniest nook is seen
The sweet white cottage with its leafy screen.

Forms gather at the door,
(Earth! thou hast many lovely forms to see,)
Where the old walnuts pour
Their long deep shadows o'er them reverently;
And the young porch-vine with its fingering leaves
Above their heads a fairy netting weaves.

There is the beauteous wife,
With many a rose-bud wreathed in her dark hair:
Gently the stream of life
Thus far hath borne her on its surface fair;
For joy still sparkles in her meaning eye,
And on her cheek is Nature's richest dye.

A look of pride she casts
Upon the manly being seated near;
But that which far outlasts
Is the soft love-glance, not devoid of fear,
But speaking all the mother—often bent
On the young cherub to her keeping lent.

Ah, little rocks, I ween,
That youthful sire for all the sparkling lore
Those shining lids between,
Which once with such delight he lingered o'er:
Gone are the days when undivided thought
Grasped with strong hand the truths by sages taught.

The book is on his knee,
But he contemplates a far lovelier page,
From affectation free—
Sweet Nature, ne'er the homelier for age,
Cleft rocks, bright streams, dark woods of stately pride,
And—last, not least—the dear ones at his side.

Proudly that infant boy
Meets the fond glance of his still prouder sire;
Down goes each glittering toy—
To high estate those outstretched hands aspire;
But a loved voice hath whispered in his ear,
And he turns back a gentler heart to cheer.

And now he strives to speak
That witching word so often tried in vain;
Hope flushes his fair cheek—
Ah, disappointment clouds his brow again:
But hark! 'tis said—the sweet word 'mother's said,
And in her breast he hides his conscious head,

Young wife! I marvel not
At those soft tears of sensibility;
For though thy future lot
Brightened by many a heart-prized joy may be,
Ne'er will by thee so sweet a sound be heard
As this, thy first-born son's first love-lisped word.

Towanda, Pa. J. H. S.

For the New Yorker.

The Smith Papers.

Mr. Editor—While in England during the last summer, I passed some time at the country-house of a friend in Yorkshire. I then became acquainted with a singular character—one Captain Smith, of the Army. He had seen some service in the Peninsula, and had travelled through different parts of the Continent. The Captain was fond of a good glass of wine, as the redness of his visage indicated; and at times, when inspired by a glass of Port after dinner, related many amusing anecdotes of his travels. As I am what may be termed a good listener, he evinced a great partiality for my society, and as I was about leaving England, handed me a cumbrous package, which he designated by the ambitious title of 'The Smith Papers.' The reading of them afforded me some amusement during a tedious voyage home. I have selected one from among the number, which, if you think it worth publication, is at your service. They have never been published, and if you like them, they will be continued.

Your obedient servant, ZEBULON BUZBY.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF CARINTHIA.

CHAPTER I.

SOME two years since, having obtained leave of absence from my regiment in consequence of indisposition, I left England, in company with a friend, for a tour on the Continent. After travelling France and Italy together, we separated at Milan: he on a tour to the Levant—I on my route through the interior to Vienna.

At the close of a fine day, I found myself in a lovely valley of Carinthia, where, in consequence of the heaviness of the roads, our tired horses refused to proceed; every effort on the part of the postillion to urge them on was unavailing. Finding all further attempts useless, I abandoned the carriage, and in company with my valet, Pietro, resolved to proceed on foot to the nearest house. The sudden transition from light to darkness in this region, so different from our northern clime, left us but little time to accomplish it. Fortunately, in a few minutes we arrived in front of a small but neat dwelling, evidently the home of one of the better class of the peasantry. In answer to our summons, the door was opened by the master of the house, an old man some sixty years of age, whose mild and benevolent countenance at once insured us a friendly welcome. A few words served to explain our situation, and we were shown into a comfortable apartment, where we found the wife of our host, with a young girl some nineteen years of age, and a fine-looking man, dressed in the coarse but not unhandsome costume of the Carinthian peasantry. Stephano, for such proved to be the name of the young man, was, together with Pietro, despatched to take charge of the carriage; while the good dame Theresa busily employed herself in preparing supper. In conversation with Anselmo, the master of the house, I learned that he formerly served the Emperor, and had been present at the battle of Wagram. Being disabled by a wound, he quitted the service, and returned to his native Province, where he married a girl of some competence. He had now become a person of considerable importance in the neighborhood, where he was universally revered as an oracle in all matters pertaining to deeds of war.

A more attentive observation of Fenella induced me to form a most favorable impression of her. She was remarkably handsome; her figure, though rather *petit*, was beautifully cast; the bust was well proportioned, and the waist extremely small and delicate. Her features were not regular, but owed their chief charm to a dark, liquid eye; its expression was dazzling, yet it produced not a pleasing impression. The extreme gracefulness, and something of hauteur, in her manner, was but little in keeping with her humble garb. She interested me; but little did I think that the fate of a peasant girl in a remote part of Carinthia was to be so closely connected with my own. Thus are we the children of Destiny: those with whom we are most intimately associated form but the connecting links in the great chain of events; while the more stranger is often the arbiter of our fate. The supper was a frugal one, but I enjoyed it more than the most *cherché* repast of Meurice or Grignon. I made several attempts to engage Fenella in conversation, but was not successful; in the present instance she appeared but little inclined to exert those charms of which I judged her to be vain. Piqued at my ill success, I shortly after retired for the night.

I arose in the morning, and threw open the casement. The sun had just risen above the neighboring hills; and seldom has a more pleasing scene met my eye. To whatever perfection art has arrived—and whoever has gazed upon the softness of Poussin, or the finer touches of Claude, cannot but think that it has nearly reached perfection—yet there are times when we must acknowledge the pencil totally inadequate to do justice to Nature. In the distance ran a range of hills—their sides covered with verdure—enclosing a vast amphitheatre. The summit of one of them was crowned by a castellated ruin, blackened with age; yet the vines that nearly covered it, and the reflection of the sun through its dilapidated windows, gave it a cheerful appearance. The flocks were quietly grazing in the valley, through which ran a quiet stream, occasionally seen through the foliage with which its banks were lined; this, and the picturesque cottages of the peasantry, added to the beauty of the landscape. As I was gazing listlessly upon the scene, and indulging in dreams of Arcadia and pastoral simplicity, I saw two persons a short distance from the cottage, engaged in earnest conversation. I at once recognized them as Fenella and Stephano. Her gestures appeared to be those of entreaty; his gesticulations (for I could not overhear their conversation) were violent; I observed that he several times pointed toward the mountains. Imagining it to be some slight quarrel originating in jealousy, I was much amused; and not wishing to interrupt the conversation, partially drew the curtain, in the hope of being witness to their reconciliation. In this, however, I was disappointed. A few moments afterward they parted; she returned to the cottage, and, as I thought, in tears. At breakfast Fenella was absent.

"You have a lovely daughter," I remarked to Anselmo.

"You are mistaken, signor; she is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter?" I exclaimed with some surprise.

"No, signor; she is of gentle blood."

"I should like to hear her history."

"It is a strange one. Some three years since, one dreadful night, as my good wife and myself were sitting in this room, listening to the beating of the rain against the house, we were suddenly aroused by a knocking at the door. Alarmed at this summons—for the hour was late, and stories of robbery were then rife among the peasantry—I took down my old musket, and approaching the door, called out in a stern voice—'Who's there!' A female voice answered—'Open, in Heaven's name!' At the thought of one exposed to the inclemency of such a night, I forgot my fears, and opening the door, I found this poor girl extended upon the cold steps drenched with rain. Her dress, which was of the most costly description, was covered with dust. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she informed me she was of Italy, and, in company with her father, was on the road to Milan. In passing these mountains, their carriage had been attacked by robbers, and her father murdered by them. She had been reserved for a fate worse than death, but had escaped through the darkness of the night. She was to have been married, contrary to her wishes, on her arrival at Milan, to a nobleman of that city. To escape these nuptials, she begged an asylum with us; and as we had no children of our own, we gladly consented to her wishes, hoping that in time she could once more return with happiness to her family. Since that time, she has been an inmate of our house."

"And who is this Stephano?" I inquired.

"He, signor, is an honest Italian, and occupies a cottage a short distance hence. He has lived but a short time in the neighborhood, and is reputed wealthy. An affection has sprung up between him and Fenella, and as he appears to be

in every way worthy of her, I have viewed it with pleasure. She might, indeed, aspire much higher than worthy signor Stephano, though he, too, boasts of gentle blood."

Pleased to find that Fenella, with whom I had become much interested, was far above the situation in which I found her placed, I resolved to seek her and persuade her, if possible, to return to her family. I found her a short distance from the cottage, seated upon a rustic bench, with her eyes fixed upon the distant hills, as though she sought to penetrate beyond their barrier.

"*Buon giorno*, Fenella," said I.

"*Buon dì*, signor," she replied, mechanically.

"I have listened to your history from the worthy Anselmo, and believe me, though a stranger, I feel a strong interest in your welfare. How is it that a girl of your education can at once, and without a sigh, abandon your family, and forego the attractions of a society you were born to ornament?"

She listened to my inquiry without replying it; but, fixing her eye intently upon me, abruptly inquired: "Do you leave us this morning, signor?"

"I do."

"Know you not that you will have to pass yon distant mountains long after sunset, and that fearful tales are told of the robbers who infest them? Signor, let me implore you not to go to-day—at least, do not pass the mountains to-night."

The manner in which this was spoken startled me, and I felt something very akin to fear; but, laughing at my own folly, I replied that I had heard something of the kind at the last post-house, but that I was not frightened at the idle stories of the peasantry.

"But why," I inquired, "do you feel such an interest in one who is a stranger to you?"

She discovered much emotion as she replied: "Signor, you resemble a dear brother whom I have not seen for years."

She drew a small miniature from her bosom, and showed me the portrait of a young officer in the uniform of the Austrian army. The painting was exquisite, and I judged it to be from the pencil of some celebrated painter. As I am something of a virtuoso, my curiosity induced me to inquire the artist's name.

"It is a humble effort of my own, signor; it was done in happier days. How dear is the recollection to me! I was a child then."

"How long since you parted from him?"

"Four years."

"And have you not seen him since?"

"Never since."

This was spoken in a most touching manner, and I discovered she was in tears. My sympathy was excited. "Fair Fenella," said I, "why not leave this place? For your sake I will return to Milan: let me once more restore you to your family—once more to the arms of a brother who is so dear to you."

"Signor, I thank you; but it can never be—you know not what you ask. My destiny forbids it."

"I know of your attachment to Stephano," said I, "but even he, if he sincerely loves you, cannot but rejoice at such an event."

Her whole manner was suddenly changed, as she replied: "Signor, no more of this: you have seen my weakness—forgive it. You go to mix among the courtly circles of Vienna. If you should meet my brother, for my sake, be his friend; but forget the poor peasant girl of Corinthia. And now, signor, let me once more beg, entreat you, not to pass the mountains to-night—you know not the danger."

"I fear it not: this accident has already detained me too long. I must travel to-night. Fair Fenella, if ever we should meet again—and something whispers me we shall—if I can in any way serve you, command me:" and kissing her fair hand, I bade her farewell.

My adieus were hastily made to Anselmo, and the good dame Theresa, who refused all remuneration. Pietro was ready with the carriage, and in a few moments I was once more on my road to Vienna.

The country through which we passed was extremely picturesque. Our route lay along the banks of the beautiful stream, which we passed repeatedly over the most fanciful rustic bridges. The well-cultivated farms, and the cheerful faces of the peasantry, in their singular costume, pursuing their daily occupations, delighted me. It was the season of harvest, and numerous little groups were collected under the shade of some fine old tree, occasionally singing the merry carols of the country. All appeared happy, and this, thought I, is despotism. Well has Heaven ordained it. These poor peasants are contented. Too insignificant to be the objects of persecution, they hug the chains which enthral them.—The free air of liberty is not for them—better to be thus happy, thought I, than a discontented people.

With these and like reflections I pursued my journey.—Though we travelled rapidly, it was late in the afternoon ere we reached the mountains. Here the scenery gradually changed from the picturesque to the grand. The road lay through a narrow pass of the mountains. On one side the hill reared its craggy head many hundred feet; on the other, the stream by which I had pursued my route, as I approached its source, was changed to a mountain torrent, which leaped and fretted o'er each barrier, as if impatient of restraint, till it found its way into a wild and dark ravine, where it noiselessly pursued its course. As we gradually toiled up the ascent, the eye became dizzy—the slightest accident, the loss of a wheel, would have precipitated us into the awful chasm which yawned beneath. To add to the terror of the scene, the clouds which had been slowly gathering now covered the heavens: the occasional drops of rain, and the white line which bounded the horizon told of the coming storm. Fortunately we had passed the most dangerous part of the road ere it burst forth. The scene was sublime; the vivid flashes of lightning for a moment revealed the dark mountains frowning on either side—the fearful torrent and the dark ravine below, whose recesses the eye could almost penetrate. This was succeeded by utter darkness—then followed loud peals of thunder, echoing and re-echoing through the distant mountains, and for a while drowning the loud voice of the cataract. It appeared as if the spirits of earth called upon those of air, who answered in a still louder shout. Its intensity was fearful. At that moment I felt my own insignificance, and my humble dependence on HIM who guides the lightning, and at whose voice the tempest stills. One vivid flash, and an instantaneous peal of thunder, louder than the rest, followed by a loud rumbling noise, convinced me that it had struck near us. When the storm was partially past, I discovered that a noble tree had been rent in twain, its trunk seared and blackened.

We proceeded on; but the pattering of the rain against the carriage window, and occasional peals of thunder, still continued. We had safely descended the mountain, and I was congratulating myself on having escaped all danger, when I was suddenly startled by a sharp, quick report of a carbine, followed by the cracking of the postillion's whip.—We flew rapidly onward. My apprehensions were confirmed—we were attacked by brigands. I called to Pietro for my pistols: he, poor fellow, more dead than alive with fear, mechanically handed them to me. During a long service in the peninsular, where I had become acquainted with guerrilla warfare, I had met danger in too many forms to fear it now. I looked carefully to the priming of my pistols, and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible—still hoping, however, by the speed of our horses to escape. In this I was disappointed. I knew by the violent jerk that the horses' heads had been seized; and in a moment the carriage door was wrenched open, and a half dozen carbines pointed to my breast. One of the ruffians, more eager than the rest, had partially fallen towards the carriage. To seize him by the arm, and point my pistol to his ear, was but the work of a moment. Fortunately it proved to be their leader.

"Hold, signor," cried he; "do not fire, your life is safe."

"Swear it!"

"By this holy relic!"—and he kissed devoutly a small cross which hung suspended by a ribbon from his neck.—"Comrades, lower your carbines." The men doggedly obeyed. "And now, signor," said he, politely, "for our courtesy we shall expect some slight return. Allow me to assist you from the carriage."

Seeing all further resistance useless, I obeyed; and having been stripped of every article of value, and the carriage carefully searched, the leader again turned towards me. "Accept our thanks, signor," said he, "for your liberal donations, though it is no more than our kindness deserved. You did well to trust to the honor of a rubatore. A pleasant journey to you, signor. Addio! Comrades away!"

In a few moments they had disappeared, leaving no traces but the few articles which they had not thought of sufficient value to carry away, which lay scattered about the road. I had not been unobserving: the voice of the leader fell upon my ear with a familiar sound. His form, though carefully disguised, was known to me: the hat, slouched over the brow, left part of the features exposed, and a struggling moonbeam which for a moment burst through the clouds, revealed them more fully. I could not be mistaken—the leader of the brigands was no other than my worthy friend Stephano, the honest Italian, the betrothed of the fair Fenella. I no longer wondered at the singularity of her conduct—her strong desire to induce me to remain at the house of Anselmo. Yet, notwithstanding these events, her connexion with this lawless man—the anxiety I felt on her account was unabated.—Should I return, inform her of her danger, and rescue her from the grasp of this ruffian? The idea was Quixotic.—Was she not as well acquainted with his character as myself? Besides, should I return, was there any probability that I should as easily escape a second time? Under the circumstances, I resolved to proceed and give information to the police of the nearest town.

Having collected the fragments of our baggage, we proceeded on. The storm had passed away, and the moon shone forth brilliantly, adding additional beauty to the fine country through which we passed. It was near daylight, and the shops were already opened when we reached the populous town of Muran.

CHAPTER II.

Nature has her periods of excitement and repose. So is it with man: in a moment of danger, new faculties are called into action. It is a strange and unnatural state of being; yet when the excitement is past, and we again feel a consciousness of safety, those faculties which have supported us become dormant and a state of languor ensues. Thus on my arrival at the Inn, I felt greatly the want of repose; and having been shown to my room, enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep. When I awoke it was some time before I could collect my thoughts; the events of the previous night appeared to my mind confused and indistinct. I could scarcely persuade myself that all was not a dream. A few moments, however, convinced me of its reality, and the recollection recurred with startling distinctness,—My life had been in danger and accident alone had saved me from a fearful death,—my first care was to return thanks to the great Disposer of Events, who has watched over and protected me.

The landlord of the Inn was a small man, with a round good natured countenance, and withal a most intolerable babbler. After he had communicated all he thought of sufficient importance concerning himself and his neighbors, he appeared to expect the like ingenuousness on my part. Hoping to gain some information from him, I requested him to take a seat with me at dinner. To this he readily consented. He told me that he had learned from the postillion that I had been attacked during the night, and congratulated me on my escape. Many, said he, were not so fortunate; whereupon he told me several extravagant stories concerning the robbers, and concluded with a long account of a personal encounter he had had with them, in which narrative he himself figured very conspicuously.

"Is the person of the leader known to you?" I inquired. He showed some hesitation, but replied in the negative.

"Know you aught of one Senor Stephano, an Italian," said I, pursuing the inquiry. He looked at me suspiciously as he replied—

"No, sir. Who is he?"

"A worthy fellow whom I met yesterday on the other side of the mountain."

He appeared satisfied with the reply, and feigning some excuse left me a few moments after.

After dinner I resolved to seek the house of the magistrate, whom I learned lived a short distance from the Inn.—In passing through the streets I observed a number of persons dressed in the ordinary costume of peasants, but whose bold and swaggering manner excited my surprise. I soon reached the door of M. Von Hummel, the magistrate, and

after waiting some half hour in order to obtain audience, I was shown into the presence of this worthy dignitary. He was a large man, and undoubtedly had been in his early days well formed; but he had now grown so extremely corpulent as to lose all traces of his original formation. He was seated in his arm chair enjoying his *meerschaum*, and in that state of pleasant stupor which you often find the Germans after dinner. He listened very patiently, though half asleep, to my relation of the events of the previous night, and at the end, having thoroughly aroused himself, informed that my case was not the first instance of the kind he had heard of. He regretted it, but it was not in his power to do anything for me; the authorities of the town had enough to do to take care of themselves; he had made repeated representations to the Government, but they being occupied with more important affairs had paid no attention to them. Disgusted with his indifference, I left the house. I had proceeded but a few steps toward the inn, when I noticed a female carefully shrouded in a cloak, the hood entirely concealing her features, who appeared to be following me. I slackened my pace. In passing me she dropped a small packet, as I thought, by accident. I picked it up for the purpose of handing it to her, but she turned one of the by-streets and soon disappeared. In looking at it I read the singular direction, "Al Signor Inglese." I broke the seal and was surprised to read as follows:

"Prying fool! You have discovered me. Beware! I once spared your life; trust not to a second accident. You have sought to betray me!—I laugh to scorn the attempt. If by sunrise to-morrow you depart not from Muran, your fate is sealed!"

It had no signature, but it required not the gift of divination for me to guess from whence it came. Hoping for no protection from the authorities of the town, and knowing with what promptitude these lawless men carry their threats into execution, I felt myself no longer safe at Muran and resolved to leave as soon as possible. On my return to the inn I found a young officer of the Austrian Army in conversation with the landlord. Overhearing me make some inquiries concerning the route, he introduced himself to me and remarked that he was going to Vienna and should leave the same evening; if I had no objections he would be pleased to have me accompany him. I gladly consented to his request, and having settled with our landlord who expressed much regret at parting with us, his horse was given in charge to Pedro, and we were soon *en route*.

My companion was some twenty-five years of age, and had already obtained a captaincy in the army. This was probably owing to family influence. He was of Milan, and of the noble family of the Capellati. In conversation I found him intelligent. He appeared to be familiar with the country through which we passed, and related many anecdotes concerning the inhabitants. He was like most other Italians, an enthusiast, and at times grew eloquent on the subject of his native land. He still dreamed of once more restoring the days of the Republic. Alas! he forgot the long ages of slavery that had passed, and how little fitted are the degenerate Italians of the present day for the enjoyment of freedom.

"You are an Englishman," said he, "and can appreciate my feelings. Italy lives but in the recollection of the past. Heaven seldom favors a land for ever—her bounties are equally distributed. Why should we despair?—Look to the history of the past. The small band that followed Æneas into Italy after the destruction of Illium, was the germ of a mighty nation. While they were poor, they were free. The conquest of successive nations poured wealth into her lap. When she became rich and licentious, Liberty fled to a more genial clime, and sought an asylum in the cold regions of the North. The few flickering sparks that lingered flashed brightly forth at the time of Rienzi and of Arnold of Brescia, but they soon expired, and we have since lingered in one long night of darkness. Perhaps the lost spirit may once more be restored, and the shout of a regenerated people again echo o'er the seven hills. I do not despair—the blood of our ancestors still flows through the veins of many noble Italians."

"But why," I inquired, "if Italy is so dear to you, do I find you in the service of the Emperor?"

"The time is not yet come when the effort to arouse my slumbering countrymen must be made. Beside, signor, the hand of Heaven has lighted heavily upon me. I had a sister once—a young, sweet girl—whom I fondly loved. She was the companion of my childhood—her every wish was mine—my every hope was for her. She died—and the home of my childhood was no longer dear to me. I could not remain where every thing reminded me of her, and I seek, at a distance from my native city, oblivion of the past."

He appeared much affected, and we rode for some time in silence.

"The Germans are an industrious people," said I, seeking to divert the conversation.

"Yes, signor, they are true philosophers. They labor from morn till night. If they thrive, they are happy—if not, they are contented."

"And yet," said I, "your Germany is the true land of romance. What can be more wild and romantic than the legends of Hartz and Bohemia?"

"True," he replied, "a peculiar class, the students, are so. At the University they are mere enthusiasts, and of but little use either to the world or to themselves—ever indulging in idle contemplation, or lost in the mazes of metaphysical subtlety; but the common people are superstitious, and merely locate the fanciful creations of others."

He appeared familiar with German literature, and dwelt with much pleasure upon the subject.

"There is a force," said he, "about German compositions, that delights me. The same character that pervades their music, also pervades their literature. It is wild, yet how exquisite and touching. One of your authors has observed most truly, 'they leave the beaten track, and strike directly for the heart.' Our feelings are enlisted, and we often pardon what we esteem error. How beautifully is this illustrated in the productions of Kotzebue! His play of 'The Stranger,' though opposed to the prejudices of the world, at once converts our dislike into sympathy, and we pardon a guilty woman while our feelings cause us to forget the enormity of her crime.—The characters of Schiller and even of the great Goethe are unnatural; they are too sensitive, and actuated by impulses unknown to mankind. The imagination of a German is strong, and unless placed under some restraint, it runs wild. The solitary student, like Prometheus, strives to create a perfect being, and often, when animated, it is found a demon.—They live in a visionary world, and are tormented by pains of their own creation. Had your Shakspeare lived in Germany, his characters, instead of being so true to nature, would have appalled us in their contemplation."

These and like conversations developed the character of my companion, and ere we had completed our journey we became friends. Nothing of interest occurred on our route to Vienna—the same smiling fields, the industrious laborers, and the comfortable farm-houses of the peasantry met us on either side. At the end of the second day we came in sight of the tall spire of St. Etunne, and as we gained an ascent, before us, covering the plain, lay the fair city of Vienna, while in the distance sparkled the bright waters of the Danube. The Danube! it had 'an old familiar sound,' but who shall describe the feelings of the traveller who for the first time looks upon a mighty river! What a crowd of associations at once burst upon the mind! It is the realization of a thousand dreams. To me the sensation was a novel one. I had been disappointed, and gazed with apparent indifference upon the Tiber—its associations alone rendered it interesting—but the Danube is a mighty stream. Ages have rolled away—and, regardless of revolutions, and the blood that has stained its banks, it still flows on, and will, when the present empires shall have passed, and none live to tell their story—the self-same stream fertilizing alike the proud empire of Austria and the dominions of the bigoted Turk.

It was night as we entered the quiet and orderly streets of Vienna, and the glare of light from the numerous shop windows almost blinded us. It was with a feeling of no slight degree of pleasure that we found ourselves at the end of our journey. The postillion, too, appeared to participate in it, for he drove rapidly through the streets, and soon landed us in front of the Hotel de ——. Here my friend and myself separated for the night: he to his lodgings—I to seek repose from the fatigues of travel. The first few days were spent, in company with my fellow traveller, in the laudable employment of sight-seeing. Of all cities that I have ever visited—and I have seen many—Vienna, to me, possesses the greatest attractions. First in interest to the stranger is the noble church of St. Etienne, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Its tapering spire, almost piercing the clouds—its beautiful proportions, and the light fretted work, so loaded with ornament, with which it is covered, make it appear more like the realization of some fanciful creation of the imagination, than the work of human hands. The air of solemnity which pervades the interior, sanctified by the devotion of seven hundred years—the magnificence of its fretted roof—its innumerable arches, pulpits, confessionals, altars—all are in perfect keeping with its beautiful exterior. It contains the magnificent tombs of the imperial line of Austria, and the ashes of the son of Napoleon. We spent a day in wandering through the imperial palaces, and gazing upon the divine creations of art. We visited the ramparts, and from their heights gazed upon a beautiful country, and traced the picturesque windings of the Danube. But our favorite resort was the Glacis, which is perhaps the finest promenade in Europe. It is here, during the afternoons of summer, that the whole population of Vienna resort; and seated upon benches under the shade of trees, may be seen numerous groups, listening to the exquisite music of the different military bands. The cooling fountains, the numerous works of art, and the rich carpet of verdure which covers the Glacis, delight the eye; while the different costumes of the inhabitants, the military, and the strangers who throng Vienna, add to its picturesque effect.

During two months' residence in Vienna, I had accustomed myself to rising early; no matter how late I might have lingered at the last night's *soiree*, I was ever up before the sun. At such an hour, it was a pleasure to me to wander through the almost deserted streets; I met none but the few of the poorer classes whose callings obliged them to be abroad. At an early hour one morning, I entered the church of St. Etienne. The light came dimly through the heavy windows, and the wax candles burning at intervals on the numerous altars rather increased the gloom. Save the occasional foot-fall of a solitary priest, dressed in his white robes, traversing the church, all was silence. Then came the low notes of the organ, falling sweetly on the ear. It was the celebration of High Mass; the chant of the priests, and the louder tones of the organ, swelled through the church; numbers of the poorer classes were kneeling devoutly; it was the hour of prayer. The prejudices of early education with me were great, but I could not resist the temptation of the moment. "What matters it," thought I, "if their creed is different from mine?—they worship in His name." I sank upon my knees, and joined fervently in their prayer. The celebration was nearly ended, when I observed a female, in a much richer dress than those by whom she was surrounded, kneeling before me. She was beautifully formed, and her graceful step, as she arose and moved toward the door, attracted my attention. I could not divest myself of the idea that I had met with her before. As she left the church, I followed, resolved, if possible, to satisfy myself. She proceeded for some distance, and I was getting heartily tired of the pursuit; for my curiosity had led me to follow her into a part of the town once the abode of the more wealthy classes, but which had fallen to decay, and was now inhabited by rather a questionable class of tenants, when she paused before an old and somewhat venerable-looking house. In ascending the steps, she turned; the veil was partially removed, and I recognized the well-known features of Fenella. The door opened, and soon closed after her. I thought she had not observed me; and carefully noting the house, I retraced my steps to the Hotel.

PLAIN TALKING.—A village parson having in his sermon taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows:—"Respected friends: My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation, if I laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, peripatetical propositions—all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to the occupits, caputs, and cerebrums of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory."

For the New-Yorker.

SIMILES.

Why should I liken Annie's eyes
To sister stars in azure skies?
Since they to me appear more bright,
And glowing with a lovelier light.

Why should I liken Annie's smile
To some bright fairy's witching wile?
No fairy spell or charm could bind
In such sweet thrall my captive mind.

Why should I liken Annie's hand
In whiteness to the ocean sand?
The wave, though pure, could never show
A lustre that outvies the snow.

Why should I liken Annie's form
To shapes that make the canvass warm?
Sure never painter's hand could trace
A creature of such peerless grace.

What is she like, then? Like my dream
To me doth beauteous Annie seem;
Like that fine phantom which has bowed
Above me from some rainbow cloud.

In sleep I've seen that sprite for years,
Sometimes in smiles, anon in tears;
Ner thought that it could real be,
Till Annie dawned, like Heaven, on me!

HERMION.

For the New-Yorker.

SONNET.

'Come to the fountain, heart, that never fails;
Fountain of hallowed genius, thoughts sublime,
That flows through dream-land, pure and bright and free;
There is thy home, my heart—the fount is Poesy.' P. B.

Ay, call the truant back! the world contains
Nought half so beautiful as its fair home;
Lure back thy heart! nor let it idly roam
While its own 'dream-land bright and free' remains:
There is enshrined a hoard of loveliness,
Which, all unlike proud Beauty's meteor blaze,
Bares not its treasures to each passing gaze,
Nor yields its sweets to every wind's caress.
Radiant with high imaginings, it shines
Pure as Eve's star upon the brow of Night,
Glowing with wealth of gems from classic mines,
Undimmed by time its sweet and hallowed light.
Then call the truant back! why should it ever roam,
When the mind's bright revealings cluster round its home?

C.

JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS.

A New-Orleans editor pronounces a high eulogium upon this most indefatigable class of well-informed citizens, and, in allusion to their restless disposition, says, "that he knows one of them who has at different times acted in the capacity of a fiddler in New-York, a boatman on the Canal, a sheriff in Ohio, and a legislator in our councils." It is a fact that they are nothing at times, yet every thing when occasion requires it. Brought up to a profession which schools the intellect and confers an extensive knowledge of the world, they become qualified for almost any situation where mind is called into action. The authority just quoted does not exaggerate either their capacity or versatility.

We know one of the craft who was, we believe, brought up in the office of our continental friend Poulson of Philadelphia. The narrow field in which he found himself on gaining his liberty proved altogether too insignificant for the exercise of his *genius*. He turned stage-driver, and afterwards pedler. We next knew him as school-teacher at Salem, N. J. and subsequently as the captain of a duck-river sloop. This latter occupation soon lost the charm of novelty, and he resumed his place at the press. Here we lost sight of him for a time, but our acquaintance was renewed in the summer of 1834 at Lewisburgh, Va. where we found his *Type-ship* officiating as Methodist minister. After this he gave lessons in penmanship and *Poonah painting* at Pittsburgh—practised the Thompsonian system of medicine at Guernsey, Ohio—edited a paper in Kentucky—superintended a female seminary at Louisville—and finally *settled down* a western farmer in the 'Salt River *destrict*.' The last that we heard of *Type*, was in the Legislature of Tennessee, where he was employed in dissecting the general administration. Our informant says that "the way he knocked *Mr. Grundy's folks* into *pi*, was 'a sin to Crockett.'"

The history of this disciple of Gil Blas is characteristic of the trade in general. They are for the most part an honest, noble-minded, 'devil me-care' set of fellows, who require but enough of this world's goods to supply their wants, and are generous to a fault. Like sailors, it is a principle with them to assist each other—and no regularly-bred workman of good character is ever obliged to beg for a subsistence. As an evidence of their capacity to rise, it is only necessary to mention that some of the most honorable posts in our government are filled by those who commenced their career as '*journeymen printers*.'

EXCERPTS.

—'With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.'

Life.—Life begins, as did the Drama in Greece, with farces. Afterward comes tragedy.

Another.—We climb the green mountain-side of life, to die on its icy top.

If there is a delicate, deformed, or weak-minded child in a family, it is generally the favorite with its parents. This is a beautiful illustration of nature taking the part of the most helpless Exchange paper.

The above is a just sentiment. The weakest part of a fortress is always the most powerfully guarded, and when a steeple leans, it is honored by a prop which is denied to an upright spire. Galaxy.

There is a very pretty turn to the following, from a young poetess which we extract from the Asiatic Journal:

The summer rose not yet hath faded,
The sylvan brook not yet decay'd;
The purple sky is still unshaded,
And from the glimmering ivy shade
Floateth the night-bird's serenade.
Flower, and stream, and song remain:
Not one of Nature's charms hath fled:
But she who breathed a softer strain,
Herself a fairer flower, is dead!

Love is like a running river, it goes down-wards but does'nt come back to the spring. The poor old granny in the chimney corner is a withered tree up the stream, and the youngest born is a pretty flower on the bank below. Love leaves the old tree and goes to the flower.

There are two important eras in the life of a woman—one when she wonders who she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her.

SUICIDE!

When all the blandishments of life are fled,
When pleasure and hope are sure forever gone;
The COWARD sneaks a refuge with the dead—
The BRAVE, more wise, live patient bravely on.

A Fact.—'Every person has a father and a mother, two grandfathers and two grandmothers.'

Plutarch used to say, that men of small capacities put into great places, like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

A pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder cloud charged with electric fluid. At such a time a "wise man will keep clear," if possible in order to avoid the shock.

Value of time.—It is said that a man who had accustomed himself to seize a pen whenever his wife was putting on her shawl and bonnet to walk, found, before he expected such a result, that he had written a tolerable book.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where LOVE has been received the welcome guest,
As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hollows every heart he once has sway'd
And when his presence we no longer share,
He leaves COMPASSION as a relic there.

The Dover Gazzette says that the splendid quality of Genius is not confined to any peculiar branch of business. We have heard of a man who had a surprising genius for cleaning fish.

It is a very curious fact, that black people always have a beautiful set of teeth. How can it be accounted for? By the way, the very best tooth-powder ever used, is simply the ashes of a good cigar. Ladies who smoke had better try it.—Ib.

Ornamental Loveliness.—What charms can a lovely and innocent girl borrow from other sources, that will not be inferior to her native ones? Still she will borrow, like the Romans in Pliny, who painted white lilies and white lambs of divers colors.

The flame of anger is like a conflagration; which burns fiercely if we give it vent, but goes out if soon repressed.

Love.—The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it, in the power of none.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Newspaper Patron.—A fellow who subscribes for a paper, and stops it in a few months without paying up.

Nonsense.—Two young ladies kissing each other.

Umbrella.—An article you may borrow or steal, as you see fit.

Affection.—To sing under a lady's window three hours by moonlight.

Flattery.—Physic that makes every body sick but those who swallow it.

Interesting.—A horrible murder or an execution.

Legitimate Drama.—Three wretched brutes, called "Arab steeds," two dirty two-leged animals, bearing a resemblance to men, astride of them, and a stupid dialogue well interlarded with "American plan;" "American sailor," "freedom's happy home," and such humbug.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

And this is woman's love; she hides
The secret passion in her inmost breast;
Unknown to all it there abides,
Until a kindred love has been confess'd,
Then, with a gen'rous burst that spurns control,
She gives to him she loves the treasures of her soul.

Rouge.—Rouge is the extreme unction of departing beauty.

When a girl thinks a young man is peculiarly ugly and disagreeable, let him rejoice with exceeding great joy, for he has undoubtedly made an impression upon her heart, which kicks only because it is wounded. Galaxy.

Good Advice.—There are three things with which a man should keep on good terms—his wife, his stomach, and his conscience.

A man without money, and a heart full of philanthrophy, whose coat is a little thread bare, is shunned like a thief; a man with a pocket full of money and heart full of villany, is courted for his virtues!

A HINT TO SPECULATORS.

"Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy up a fop at the price he is worth,
And sell him for that which he sets on himself."

Marriage.—The *happy* marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very nature.

A RARE BEAUTY.

"The fairest flower of beauty that has been
By mortal eyes, since earth existed seen;
The blushing rose—the lily's chaster hue
Met on her damask cheek;—the vi'let's hue
Was brought to shame by her bright orbs, so full
Of all that's sweet and all that's beautiful."

Times of calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced in the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

There is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self-respect.

Manly Women.—Girls who are chiefly brought up by their fathers, imbibe so much of the manly spirit, that it becomes a grave question for their lovers, whether they possess enough of that spirit themselves, to endure and to contribute it in others.

Very True.—Every parent whose son is away from him at school, should supply him with a newspaper.
Governor Everett.

A sensible man is the Governor.

Cousins.—There's nothing like a cousin; it is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a stranger, requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, with her bewitching freedoms, and romping frolicks, and the stolen tenderness, over the skein of silk that will get tangled—and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and then the long *tete-a-tetes*, which are nobody's business, and the long letters which nobody pays the postage; no, there is nothing like a cousin, a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin!

Advice to Young Ladies.—If you have blue eyes, you need not languish; if you have black eyes, you need not leer: if you have a pretty ancle, there is no occasion to wear a short dress; if you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting it be long; if you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them; if you have bad ones, by all means shut your mouth and smile; if you have pretty arms and hands, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp; if you are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry; if you dance well, dance but seldom; if you dance ill, never dance at all; if you sing well, make no previous excuses; if you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when

you are asked, for few peop'e are judges of singing, but every one will be sensible of your desire to please; if you would obtain power, be condescending; but above all, (mark!) if you are asked to be married, say "Yes," for you may never be asked a second time!

HYMN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SOURCE of all life and joy and light!
Creator of each starry sphere,
That o'er me on the arch of Night
Gleams like a diamond soft and clear:
Oh, as I gaze transported now
On yonder blue, resplendent dome,
Deign but to hear my prayer that thou
Wilt call my erring spirit home!

Home from this world's fast fading bowers,
Frail visions and deluding dreams,
To that fair clime of Eden flowers,
Soft airs and brightly flowing streams
Oh, make me feel that while I stay,
A sojourner and stranger here,
My soul must seek its homeward way
Far, far beyond each starry sphere.

I kneel before thy gorgeous throne,
Upon thy footstool, King of kings!
And, gazing on the glories strown
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
Abject and weak, my awe-struck heart
Would from the dazzling presence flee,
If, Saviour, THOU didst not impart
Rays of undying hope to me!

As yonder faintly glimmering star
Receives its lustre from the sun,
Though from its fiery splendors far,—
So from thy love, Almighty One!
My spirit drinks immortal light:
Oh, never may that light decay,
But, like yon diamond of the night,
In heaven's own beauty melt away!

From the Motley Book.

POTTERS' FIELD.

I STAND upon the graves of the poor. Over this simple field, unvaried by mark or monument, I cast my eye and feel the power and presence of death more than in the tombs of kings, or standing beside those huge mausoleums, the pyramids. Here the grim phantom stalks naked; not skulking, as in the cemeteries of the rich and prosperous, behind funeral piles, or stealing away from the gaze amid masses of carved marble. Every step of the tyrant falls clear and distinct upon the grave of some lowly son of earth and poverty. How many of the children of sorrow have tottered into this humble burial-place, and thrown down the weary burden of grief and wretchedness under which they have fainted in the sun.

All-accordant must be the trumpet-blast that can melt into one harmonious web of life these motley elements. What a pageant of wretchedness and rags and penury would the habitants of this single acre form, could they be summoned from their rest. Moscow's bell should ring to raise the awful curtain, and bring upon the stage the parti-colored company.

An archangel's peal alone could startle back into life (from which their suffering was so deep and piercing) the various multitude. An omnipotent edict in truth it would require to force them once more upon a scene where anguish and tears were their only legacy, and the grave—the quiet, rent-free grave, their reversion!

Many as the citizens that people the bottom of the deep, are the myriads that have sunk silently as into an ocean billow, into the bosom of this green earth. I will try a simple spell of my own; perchance it may bring them up, at least in phantasy.

"Re-appear, ye sad tenants of the narrow house, once more on the earth where ye suffered! I here establish a court of death. Ye are summoned to the trial; answer ye to your names. Hear ye! hear ye!"

"Saul Rope! Saul Rope!" Slowly from the earth, near at my feet, a pale, shrunken being shakes off the green mould, and feebly aiding himself with his hand on his grave's side, steps into the twilight.

His dress is an entire suit of gray, coarse linsey-woolsey, with a plain, cheap hat, without nap or buckle. "I was a saw-filer," said the poor apparition, "and kept a small shop in Dover street. When I set up there! had a few friends at first, but they soon dropped off. The street was so crooked that nobody could find their way to me, even if they wanted my services; no one except an old bachelor with a twist in his neck, who seemed to have a natural facility in threading the winds of the alley, and who came (not on business, but) to enjoy my pleasant conversation! Besides, a middle-aged lady, who was born in the street, and who had a praiseworthy fondness for her place of nativity, and who visited me annually the day before Christmas, to have her carving-knife put in order for the holidays. By-and-by the old lady died off—the bachelor bought a little farm and retired into the country, and I was forced to abandon my thankless trade of saw-filing and go upon the watch. Of a feeble frame I soon caught a cold, fell into a galloping consumption, and you see me here. Thank God! there was no wife nor little child to weep the day that the simple saw-filer died."

The next dead defendant was a corpulent, hale fellow, who answered to the name of Robert Drum, and was clad in tattered and ragged garments, without hat, shirt or boots, whose story, in brief, was, that "he had been a beggar, and had died of good living and repletion."

After him Peter Packhorse and family were called. At first no one appeared, but, on a repetition of the summons, a small middle-aged man was seen making his way from a remote part of the field, with a sickly woman hanging on his right arm, and a train of twelve or thirteen thinly clad, pale girls and boys following them.

The tale of Peter's distresses was touching and pathetic.

"Upon the banks of the sunny Bronx, in the sweet and cheerful village of White Plains," said Peter, "God cast my lot. I owned a few patrimonial acres, and in my early youth took to myself a buxom and bonny wife, and together we made a little Paradise of our farm, for every thing was abundant and in good order. The seasons were our friends, and the clear stream that ran by our door, kept us close to our home by its cheerful voice and its ever delightful, rippling music. In summer I gathered in my harvest, with my first born boy and girl at play between the swathes and winrows; and when the autumn came, and the winter was provided for, I would take my gun or my angle in my hand, and strolling away into the rich crimson woods or along the mossy streams, meditate upon the bounties and blessings Heaven had given me in my fertile farm, my bonny wife and my sweet-featured boy and girl. Thus three joyous years glided by, and prosperity made me a christian in the open fields, and a devout worshipper in the church. On the last day of the winter of ——, a cousin of mine, a black-browed, thoughtful man, arrived in the mail-coach from the city, on a visit of friendship. He stayed little more than a week, but made so good use of his time, as to persuade me to sell my farm, turn it into cash, and, carrying my family with me, settle in New York, and become a broker—a sorry shaver of notes. The profits that he conjured up before me seemed so rapid and sure, the business so light, airy and gentleman-like, (who is it that has never been fired with the passion of becoming a gentleman!) that I fell in with his proposition, and early in the spring disposing of my farm and stock at vendue, hastened to town. Here I soon lost the better half of my ready cash; my dark-browed city cousin absconded with the balance, and I, with a family which had doubled, was upon the town. In a short time, even my darling children, (yes the bright fairy boy and girl of my country days too!) were snatched from me by an envious fever, and I was alone with my wife in the vast city, without bread. I obtained employment—precarious and cheap employment it was—as a journeyman shoemaker: for every farmer in the parts where I was born knows something of the trade. Thus I sustained myself for a few years, a new family having sprung up and died at my side in the mean time. My wife followed her thirteenth child, (a pretty, lovely girl!) My staff of life was broken. The trade at which I toiled bent me double, and, in the ninth year after I had left that little Eden, on the banks of the Bronx, a disease of the spine fastened upon me. I lay sick for months, in a low, vile shed, racked by intolerable pain of body, and worse anguish of mind, until I died and came here to lie with my wife and children in everlasting rest! I would that a river ran by our graves—something like the Bronx!"

I could hardly refrain from tears at the recital of Peter's simple story, but, mastering my emotion, and turning my face toward another quarter of the field, I cited—

"Paula Hope!"—At this summons, a light, female form, endued in a black bombazine gown, with a white vandyke about the neck, stepped out of her grave upon the earth, with something of natural grace in her gesture, and gave the following history of herself.

"I am a poor seamstress," said the fair vision, a hectic glow shining through her pale cheek, and a doubtful brilliancy kindling her eye, "I was born to the vocation. My mother and grandmother before me were seamstresses, and lived in comfort and plenty; but that was in different times from these. Tailors did not ride in carriages then, that poor girls might starve.

"Their labor was at least worth the candle they burned far into the night to pursue it by; but I do them wrong, *they* never burned the midnight lamp. Their hours were, at the worst, from sunrise to sunset. I toiled often from the first streak of morning till the neighboring clock tolled twelve at midnight, or one on the morning of the next day. And see! this is my reward—these are the wages for which I wasted my young blood, health and spirts, and finally my life!" and saying this, she took from her bosom and handed to me a soiled and rumpled paper, containing the following particulars:—

"SEAMSTRESSES' PRICES:—Six hours work on a common vest, six and a quarter cents. Twenty-four hours work on Baboon coats of kersey, fifty cents. Twelve hours work on navy shirts with star-collars, twelve and a half cents. Two days' work on blanket coats with fourteen buttons, fifty cents. Frocktees of duffle-cloth, for stout bodied men, twenty-four hours' labor, thirty-seven and a half cents. Pantaloons with fly fronts and straps, eleven hours, twenty-five cents, &c."

And leaving this guilty and barbarous catalogue in my hands, the fair victim disappeared.

NEXT, I called up in succession and heard the elegiac histories of Poor Joe Crutch, an old pauper, with a red bandanna about his head; Susan and Sarah Sparkels, a pair of spinster sisters, withered and sad, who came up arm-in-arm, as if they occupied a joint grave; Sam Weatherly, a paralytic poultry merchant; Moll or Mary Jones, huckster; two red-faced butchers that died of apoplexy within a day of each other—(the old co-partnership) Bull & Bullock; a pauper negro, Nick Johnson; five or six sickly-looking, crook-backed, wood-sawyers; Quibble, a rusty attorney, with the dirty end of a declaration in covenant sticking out of his breeches pocket, &c. &c.

"Call into Court!" I exclaimed in a voice of command, to a feeble, old crier of the Common Pleas, that had appeared (privilege of his former office,) without summons to tell his tale of wo—"Call into Court! all those that have died of harsh usage and broken hearts!" and, feeble as was the voice of the tottering beadle, at his summons an innumerable company of haggard creatures started up and swarmed in every part of Potters' Field. A countless throng of faces was before me—men, women and children—but, all of them wearing a certain proof of the deep anguish that had cut to the heart and brought them to the grave. Who knew their malady, as they pined away day by day, like fruits that perish internally, and drop from the tree without seeming frost or blight? None! not one!

Some of them died off abruptly—others lingered along for months, and a few, to whom nature had furnished stout, masculine hearts, weathered it for a year or two; and then the undertaker (such a one as poverty could afford) was called in; the hearse stood at the door; the neighbors' children gathered wonderingly about the house and walk; a few of the better-hearted neighbors dropped in; more of them looked out at their windows, or put their caps together and discussed the dead one's disease—some calling it pleurisy, and some, nearer the truth, an affection of the heart, but none, not one (unless some single sister or shrewd aunt had lived with the poor family,) dreaming it was that terrible and crushing form of the disease—a broken heart. Thus the poor-house train passes from the door; the corpse, in its plain pine coffin, is deposited in the grave; and, henceforth, the dead is dead to *all* the earth! There is nothing by which to remember the poor that are gone! It is only over them as a multitude, whose combined sorrows and sufferings assume, to the fancy, a huge and dreadful aspect, that any one mourns.

As individuals, while living, none care for them but death; dead, none regard them but God!

OURSELVES.—Who'd be an Editor? In these days of debts, duns and due bills, when one half the world is run mad for fear the other half will break—and the latter are three quarters cracked because they have nothing to break upon—it's a hard lot to be an editor.—Now, gentle reader, don't imagine that we are about to perpetrate a dun ourselves—you know we are too vastly polite to do such a thing, if we absolutely needed the wretched root of evil; and you know that Editors have long since learned to live upon old types and promissories. And then, you know, we have such a respectable list of respectable patrons,—that is glory enough to keep a fellow from dunning—so don't expect any such vulgar thing. We are only about to tell you how hard it is to be an editor, these times. What shall we do if times don't change? we have ransacked the papers from Dan to Bersheeba, and we have found nothing new. We have run up and down the city for whole hours, hoping to hear something that would do to tell again—and not a word has broke the dull stillness of our step, save a volley now and then of "Mister —— can you settle up that small bill to-day." We have knocked at the upper story again and again, and echo answered as often—nobody at home! And the plain state of the case is, that we have nothing, not a word to say. Should we be so happy as to learn any thing new by the next week, we will do our best to pay up the score.

Columbus Enquirer.

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—There is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn *how to grow old gracefully*, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?

For the New Yorker.

LINES TO MY SISTER,

ON HEARING HER WISH SHE WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

BREATHE not the wish, dear sister! breathe it not,
Or pause at least one moment to review
The mingled joys and sorrows of thy lot,
Ere thou would'st tread Life's toilsome path anew.

Think of the snares that round Youth's pathway lie—
Think of the thorns to pierce th' unwary soul—
Think of the hopes that in despair must die,
Before the wearied heart may reach its goal.

Think how the buds of innocence may fall
Beneath temptation's power—the world's deceit;
How oft the soul must bow beneath the thrall
Of grief and care, and pain and sorrow meet.

But one more thought, dear sister, I recall—
Pardon the grief that thought must bring to thee:
Rememberest thou when by a father's pall
We bent in silent, hopeless agony?

And say, would all the joys, unmixed and pure,
That o'er thy life's lone pathway have been shed,
Oh, tell me, would they tempt you to endure
Again those hours beside th' unburied dead?

Ay, think of these, dear sister! and repress
The unavailing wish, the bootless prayer;
Look to thy home in heaven, and onward press,
To find unfading youth and beauty there. S.

Towanda, Pa.

From the United States Magazine.

SONNET.

(THE FALLS OF THE CAUTERSKILL, NEAR THE PINE ORCHARD, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, NEW YORK.)

Oh, wondrous nook of earth! where Nature's hand
Clusters in one the high, the wild, the steep—
Rock, mountain, cataract, and forest deep!
As Nature's worshipper, I come and stand,
And in rapt silence see, and hear, and feel:
The glittering stream, the spray with rainbow crown'd,
The dizzy height, the roar, the gulf profound,
Dazzle with splendor, and with fear congeal!
Treading such holy ground, within me dies
Each earthborn thought: my spirit fain would soar,
Beyond the cloud-capt peaks that round me rise,
To Heaven's eternal throne—and there would pour,
'Mid angel choirs, the tribute of her praise
To Him, th' Almighty One, whom Nature's self obeys.

B. F. B.

From Prescott's 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella.'

THE BATTLE OF CERIGNOLA.

THE weather, although only at the latter end of April, was extremely sultry; the troops, notwithstanding Gonsalvo's orders on crossing the river Ofanto, (the ancient Aufidus,) had failed to supply themselves with sufficient water for the march; parched with heat and dust, they were soon distressed by excessive thirst; and, as the burning rays of the noontide sun beat fiercely on their heads, many of them, especially those cased in heavy armor, sunk down on the road, fainting with exhaustion and fatigue. Gonsalvo was seen in every quarter, administering to the necessities of his men, and striving to reanimate their drooping spirits. At length, to relieve them, he commanded that each trooper should take one of the infantry on his crupper, setting the example himself by mounting a German ensign behind him on his own horse.

In this way, the whole army arrived, early in the afternoon, before Cerignola, a small town on an eminence about sixteen miles from Barleta, where the nature of the ground afforded the Spanish general a favorable position for his camp. The sloping sides of the hill were covered with vineyards, and its base was protected by a ditch of considerable depth. Gonsalvo saw at once the advantages of the ground. His men were jaded by the march; but there was no time to lose, as the French, who, on his departure from Barleta, had been drawn up under the walls of Canosa, were now rapidly advancing. All hands were put in requisition, therefore, for widening the trench, in which they planted sharp-pointed stakes; while the earth which they excavated enabled them to throw up a parapet of considerable height on the side next the town. On this rampart he mounted his little train of artillery, consisting of thirteen guns, and behind it drew up his forces in order of battle.

Before these movements were completed in the Spanish camp, the bright arms and banners of the French were seen glistening in the distance amid the tall fennel and cane-brakes with which the country was thickly covered. As soon as they had come in view of the Spanish encampment, they were brought to a halt, while a council of war was called, to determine the expediency of giving battle that evening. The duke of Nemours would have deferred it till the following morning, as the day was already far spent, and allowed no time for reconnoitring the position of his enemy. But Ives d'Allegre, Chandieu, the commander of the Swiss, and some other officers, were for immediate action, representing the importance of not balking the impatience of the soldiers, who were all hot for the assault. In the course of the debate, Allegre was so much heated as to throw out some rash taunts on the courage of the viceroy, which the latter would have avenged on the spot, had not his arm been arrested by Louis d'Ars. He had the weakness, however, to suffer them to change his cooler purpose, exclaiming—"We will fight tonight, then; and perhaps those who vaunt the loudest will be found to trust more to their spurs than their swords;" a prediction bitterly justified by the event.

While this dispute was going on, Gonsalvo gained time for making the necessary disposition of his troops. In the centre he placed his German auxiliaries, armed with their long pikes; and on each wing the Spanish infantry, under the command of Pedro Navarro, Diego de Paredes, Pizarro, and other illustrious captains. The defence of the artillery was committed to the left wing. A considerable body of men-at-arms, including those recently equipped from the spoils of Ruvo, was drawn up within the entrenchments, in a quarter affording a convenient opening for a sally, and placed under the orders of Mendoza and Fabrizio Colonna, whose brother Prospero, and Pedro de la Paz, took charge of the light cavalry, which was posted without the lines to annoy the advance of the enemy, and act on any point as occasion might require. Having completed his preparations, the Spanish general coolly waited the assault of the French.

The duke of Nemours had marshalled his forces in a very different order. He distributed them in three battles or divisions, stationing his heavy horse, composing altogether, as Gonsalvo declared, "the finest body of cavalry seen for many years in Italy," under the command of Louis d'Ars, on the right. The second and centre division, formed somewhat in the rear of the right, was made up of the Swiss and Gascon infantry, headed by the brave Chandieu; and his left, consisting chiefly of his light cavalry, and drawn up, like the last, somewhat in the rear of the preceding, was intrusted to Allegre.

It was within half an hour of sunset when the duke of Nemours gave orders for the attack, and, putting himself at the head of the gendarmerie on the right, spurred at full gallop against the Spanish left. The hostile armies were nearly equal, amounting to between six and seven thousand men each. The French were superior in the number and condition of their cavalry, rising to a third of their whole force; while Gonsalvo's strength lay chiefly in his infantry, which had acquired a lesson of tactics under him, that raised it to a level with the best in Europe.

As the French advanced, the guns on the Spanish left poured a lively fire into their ranks, when a spark accidentally communicating with the magazine of powder, the whole blew up with a tremendous explosion. The Spaniards were filled with consternation; but Gonsalvo, converting the misfortune into a lucky omen, called out—"Courage, soldiers; these are the beacon lights of victory! We have no need of our guns at close quarters."

In the mean time, the French van under Nemours advancing rapidly under the dark clouds of smoke, which rolled heavily over the field, were unexpectedly brought up by the deep trench, of whose existence they were unapprized. Some of the horse were precipitated into it, and all received a sudden check, until Nemours, finding it impossible to force the works in this quarter, rode along their front in search of some practicable passage. In doing this, he necessarily exposed his flank to the fatal aim of the Spanish arquebusiers. A shot from one of them took effect on the unfortunate young nobleman, and he fell, mortally wounded, from his saddle.

At this juncture, the Swiss and Gascon infantry, briskly moving up to second the attack of the now disordered horse, arrived before the intrenchments. Undismayed by this formidable barrier, their commander, Chandieu, made the most desperate attempts to force a passage; but the loose earth freshly turned up afforded no hold to the feet, and his men were compelled to recoil from the dense array of German pikes, which bristled over the summit of the breast-work Chandieu, their leader, made every effort to rally and bring them back to the charge; but, in the act of doing this, was hit by a ball, which stretched him lifeless in the ditch; his burnished arms, and the snow-white plumes above his helmet, making him a conspicuous mark for the enemy.

All was now confusion. The Spanish arquebusiers, screened by their defences, poured a galling fire into the dense masses of the enemy, who were mingled together indiscriminately, horse and foot, while, the leaders being down, no one seemed capable of bringing them to order. At this critical moment, Gonsalvo, whose eagle eye took in the whole operations of the field, ordered a general charge along the line; and the Spaniards leaping their intrenchments, descended with the fury of an avalanche on their foes, whose wavering columns, completely broken by the violence of the shock, were seized with a panic, and fled, scarcely offering any resistance. Louis d'Ars, at the head of such of the men-at-arms as could follow him, went off in one direction, and Ives d'Allegre, with his light cavalry, which had hardly come into action, in another; thus fully verifying the ominous prediction of his commander. The slaughter fell most heavily on the Swiss and Gascon foot, whom the cavalry under Mendoza and Pedro de la Paz rode down and cut to pieces without sparing, till the shades of evening shielded them at length from their pitiless pursuers.

Prospero Colonna pushed on to the French encampment, where he found the tables in the duke's tent spread for his evening repast; of which the Italian general and his followers did not fail to make good account. A trifling incident, that well illustrates the sudden reverses of war.

From the Southern Literary Messenger for February.

SOMETHING ON SONNETS.

'Scorn not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frown'd
Mindless of its just honors: with this key,
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few! *Wordsworth.*

A MOST admirable review of the poetry of William Wordsworth, in the first pages of the December Messenger, contains some reflections upon the Sonnet, which have set me upon the whim-wham of weaving a chaplet of those delightful poems for the pages of the February number. I do not mean to prove or disprove any thing in this undertaking, more than to prove my own love of that species of verse, and to disprove, if I can, the validity of the arguments which critics are too much in the habit of using, while attempting to decry it. The remark, for instance, of the Wordsworth critic in the Messenger, in relation to Milton, that his sonnets "have been nobly redeemed from oblivion by *a few* happy ideas, grand thoughts, and eminently poetical lines, but—not wrought with the fine polish and artist-like finish which become the Sonnet"—is one to which I must begin this (any thing but critical article, with taking a decided exception.—And I shall transcribe one of the great poet's Sonnets to bear me out:

"ON MY BLINDNESS.

"When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God does not need
Either Man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

Nor can I quite agree with the critic when he describes the merits of Shakspeare's sonnets as "independent, if not in despite, of their form." I had occasion to turn over Steevens the other day to find some clue to one of Shakspeare's disputed passages, while preparing an article upon the Text of Shakspeare for the Messenger; and I remember to have met among the notes of that critic this same idea in a more extended form; and I could not help turning to the following, as pregnant proofs of the invalidity of the criticism. He is addressing an imaginary mistress, the *eidolon* of nearly all his sonnetizing:

"Oh, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses—
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When Summer's breath their masked bud discloses;
But (for their virtue only is their show)
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade—
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth!
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth."

But if that be all a Sonnet should be, what degree of worth shall this be measured by, that follows,:

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh for lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in Death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd wo,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from wo to wo tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which now I pay as if not paid before:
But if, the while, I think on thee, my friend,
All losses are restored, all sorrows end."

I have in my possession a beautiful edition of 'Specimens of English Sonnets,' dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth, in the notes of the editor of which, the Rev. Mr. Dyce, I observe the Sonnets of Wordsworth classified as "in power and poetic feeling, superior to all similar compositions in the language, *save those of Shakspeare and Milton.*" Of Milton's, the same editor remarks, that "in easy majesty, and severe beauty, they are unequalled by any other compositions of the

kind;" and of Shakspeare's he says, "They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful, while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm." Wordsworth himself says of the Sonnet,

'With this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart.'

And, again, that,

'——when a damp
Fell round the path of *Milton*, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains;—alas! too few!'

But all this is apart from the main object of this paper. I have only indulged in this seeming controversial strain, by way of claiming for those two noble poets that justice in comparison, which the otherwise very discriminating critic of the Messenger is willing to allow them, by themselves considered. With every word he says of the Sonnet, *per se*, the writer I have mentioned will find me fully and deeply sympathising; and as to Wordsworth's sonnets, he has but deepened the admiration I have always felt while poring over those richest gems of modern poetry. He has copied many of the best of these in his sparkling article. Yet there is one he omits, but which, from its very resemblance to those of his two illustrious exemplars in sonnet-writing, has ever been supreme upon my list of favorites. I mean that which he addressed 'To Lady Beaumont:'

'Lady, the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers:
While I was planting green, unfading bowers,
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter-hours—
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom,
Or of high gladness, you will hither bring;
And these perennial bowers, and murmuring pines,
Be gracious as the music and the bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring!'

The Lord Surrey first introduced the Sonnet into the English language, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He published his 'Songes and Sonnettes' in the year 1557. But it is the most ancient form of Italian poetry; and at a still earlier period was in use by the Provencals. In Italy it was first cultivated by the poet Fra Guittone, and was nearly a century in attaining the perfection (for so it must be considered) to which Petrarch elevated it. In France, the Sonnet has never gained a worthy celebrity, being, in that country, a mere vehicle for that sportive kind of verse which we call crambo—(or something like it;) a desecration, indeed! In Germany, it has been cultivated to some extent, but the language of that country is ill-adapted to its rules. In Spain, as in Italy, it has been more successful, although, in both those countries, there have been poets who have done that beautiful form of verse no honor. The same may be said of many of the writers in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, both in England and at home, who have essayed

'To bend the iron bow of Cœur de Lion,
And wield the club of Hercules.'

These "climbers upon Richmond, fancying it Parnassus,"—to borrow a quaint conceit of Charles Lamb, (dear Elia!)—look at the Sonnet, and, finding it mathematically described in the books, as consisting of so many lines, and so many parts, and so many syllables, and so many rhymes, take comfort to themselves that they know their Cocker, and can count their fingers and thumbs, and form capital letters, in round Italian hand; and so they settle themselves to write Sonnets: and—'*hinc illæ lachrymæ!*'

Lieber very tersely defines the Sonnet thus: (after describing the proper construction of the lines, &c. according to the rules, *q. v.*) "It generally contains one principal idea, pursued through the various antitheses of the different strophes, and adorned with the charm of rhyme."

Montgomery, (the elder,) in his beautiful Lecture on 'The Form of Poetry,' says—"There is not a popular one in the English language; there are hundreds in the Italian.' This is true, yet deceptive. It is true, just as it is to say that poetry is popular in Italy, but not in England; and if it applies to the Sonnet more than to any other verse, it is only because that, in Italy, there is no verse so commonly in vogue. Yet the English Sonnet is as popular, perhaps, as any other form of English poetry, if we except the Ballad; and the preference given to that form arises more from the story of which it is usually the vehicle, than from the verse itself. The native language of the Italian is Music—Poetry, and he

'Lisps in numbers, and the numbers come.'

Yet even our rigid critic just quoted agrees that there are some specimens extant, which "have redeemed the English language from the opprobrium of not admitting the legitimate Sonnet, in its severest, as well as its most elegant construction." And here is one in proof, by Wordsworth, which the critic of the Messenger and myself have both as yet left unquoted. It is the Answer of the Men of Tyrol to the French foe, who has demanded the surrender of their Alpine homes:

'This land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit—or die!
This is our maxim—*this* our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just!
That which we *would* perform in arms, we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye—
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky,
And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us. *Sing aloud*
Old Songs—*the precious music of the heart!*
Give, herds and flocks! your voices to the wind,
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.'

This is beyond, above, and out of all reach of comparison or of criticism. It is The Sonnet, *par excellence*. Yet, reader, stay one moment longer for this jewel of John Leyden's: and those of you who do not remember who John Leyden is, read Lockhart's Life of Walter Scott.

ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

'With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!'

Who says that this is not a genuine Sonnet?

But I have detained my patient (perhaps I should say my sleepy) reader too long, and must even now let go his button; but this I will not do without again repeating the *refrain* of my droning song about Sonnets in his ear:

'Score not the sonnet!'

From the United States Magazine.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWICE TOLD TALES.'

There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning!—and through the partially frosted window-panes, I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight—now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the side-walks, have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By night-fall, or at least before the sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts. The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared to sustain whatever burthen may be laid upon it; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness and acquire a beauty of its own, when mother earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her winter's wear. The cloud-spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime like hoar-frost over the brown surface of the street; the withered green of the grass-plat is still discernible; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray, instead of black. All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave.—Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influences, are great changes wrought. These little snow-particles, which the storm-spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We likewise shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.

Now, leaving the storm to do his appointed office, let us sit down, pen in hand, by our fire-side. Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness and favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day.—The native of a southern clime may woo the muse beneath the heavy shade of summer foliage, reclining on banks of turf, while the sound of singing birds and warbling rivulets chimes in with the music of his soul. In our brief summer, I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream. My hour of inspiration—if that hour ever comes—is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snow-flakes or the the sleety rain-drops pelt hard against the window-panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May—perhaps to fade as soon. However transitory their glow, they at least shine amid the darksome shadow which the clouds of the outward sky fling through the room. Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by me, her true-born son, be New England's winter, which makes us, one and all, the nurslings of the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the December blast. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm-spirit has done.

Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely yet thrown over the withered grass-plat, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden. The leafless rose-bushes stand shivering in a shallow snow-drift, looking—poor things!—as disconsolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish with the summer; they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower-shrubs in mid-winter! The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners. To discern the real intensity of the storm, we must fix upon some distant object—as yonder spire—and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscured; then, again, we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snow-drifts at each other, in mid-air. Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions.—It is a snow-battle of school-boys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snow-ball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains!—What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow-blocks! What feats of individual prowess, and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm! And when some well-contested and decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battle-field, and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter, the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask, "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle-monument has provoked these questions, when none could answer.

Turn we again to the fire-side, and sit musing there, lending our ears to the wind, till perhaps it shall seem like an articulate voice, and dictate wild and airy matter for the pen. Would it might inspire me to sketch out the personification of a New-England winter! And that idea, if I can seize the snow-wreathed figures that flit before my fancy, shall be the theme of the next page. How does winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation, as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered, and scattered the sere leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard, the people wrap themselves in cloaks, and shake their heads disconsolately, saying, "Winter is at hand!" Then the axe of the wood-cutter echoes sharp and diligently in the forest—then the coal-merchants rejoice, because each shriek of Nature in her agony adds something to the price of coal per ton—then the peat-smoke spreads its aromatic fragrance through the atmosphere. A few days more; and at even-tide, the children look out of the window, and dimly perceive the flaunting of a snowy mantle in the air. It is stern winter's vesture. They crowd around the hearth, and cling to their mother's gown, or press between their father's knees, affrighted by the hollow roaring voice that bellows adown the wide flue of the chimney. It is the voice of winter; and when parents and children hear it, they shudder and exclaim, "Winter is come! Cold winter has begun his reign already!"—Now, throughout New-England, each hearth becomes an altar, sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immitigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, country-side, and town. Wrapt in his white mantle, his staff a huge icicle, his beard and hair a wind-tossed snow-drift, he travels over the land, in the midst of the northern blast; and wo to the homeless wanderer whom he finds upon his path! There he lies stark and stiff, a human shape of ice, on the spot where winter overtook him. On strides the tyrant over the rushing rivers and broad lakes, which turn to rock beneath his footsteps. His dreary empire is established; all around stretches the desolation of the Pole. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children—(for winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one)—not ungrateful even for the severities, which have nourished our unyielding strength of character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh-rides, cheered by the music of merry bells—for the crackling and rustling hearth, when the ruddy fire-light gleams on hardy manhood and the blooming cheek of woman—for all the home-enjoyments, and the kindred virtues, which flourish in a frozen soil. Not that we grieve, when, after some seven months of storm and bitter frost, spring, in the guise of a flower-crowned virgin, is seen driving away the hoary despot, pelting him with violets by the handful, and strewing green grass on the path behind him.—Often, ere he will give up his empire, old winter rushes fiercely back, and hurls a snow-drift at the shrinking form of spring;

yet, step by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer months within the Arctic circle.

Such fantasies, intermixed among graver toils of mind, have made the winter's day pass pleasantly. Meanwhile, the storm has raged without abatement, and now, as the brief afternoon declines, is tossing denser volumes to and fro about the atmosphere. On the window-sill, there is a layer of snow, reaching half way up the lowest pane of glass. The garden is one unbroken bed. Along the street are two or three spots of uncovered earth, where the gust has whirled away the snow, heaping it elsewhere to the fence-tops, or piling huge banks against the doors of houses. A solitary passenger is seen, now striding mid-leg deep across a drift, now scudding over the bare ground, while his cloak is swollen with the wind—and now the jingling of bells—a sluggish sound, responsive to the horse's toilsome progress through the unbroken drifts, announces the passage of a sleigh, with a boy clinging behind, and ducking his head to escape detection by the driver. Next comes a sledge, laden with wood for some unthrifty housekeeper, whom winter has surprised at a cold hearth. But what dismal equipage now struggles along the uneven street. A sable hearse, bestrewn with snow, is bearing a dead man through the storm to his frozen bed. Oh, how dreary is a burial in winter, when the bosom of mother earth has no warmth for her poor child!

Evening—the early eve of December—begins to spread its deepening veil over the comfortless scene; the fire-light gradually brightens and throws my flickering shadow against the walls and ceiling of the chamber; but still the storm rages and rattles against the windows. Alas! I shiver, and think it time to be disconsolate. But, taking a farewell glance at dead nature in her shroud, I perceive a flock of snow-birds, skimming lightsomely through the tempest, and flitting from drift to drift as sportively as swallows in the delightful prime of summer. Whence come they? Where do they build their nests and seek their food? Why, having airy wings, do they not follow summer around the earth, instead of making themselves the playmates of the storm, and fluttering on the dreary verge of the winter's eve? I know not whence they come, nor why; yet my spirit has been cheered by that wandering flock of snow-birds.

THE STORMY PETREL.

This is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless and rapid and strong is he;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, 'mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapors of sombre hue—
Like the petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way! P. B.

Commercial Advertiser.

OLLAPODRIDA.

SCENE—BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

Dandy—(riding up to a country lad.)—I say, you sir! will this road take me to New York?

Rustic.—Can't tell: you'd better ask it.

Dandy—(somewhat enraged.)—You impertinent scoundrel! pray who brought you up?

Rustic.—Wasn't brought up at all, thank ye: *I com'd down on a raft.* —

ANOTHER.

(The curtain rises and discovers Mr. Crow knocking at his sweetheart's door.)

Jim.—Now, lubly serraf! do let me in; its 'ticularly cold, and I wants some fire.

Dinah (inside.)—You wants fire?—ah, hugh! I knows what you's arter; you wants a kiss, but you don't git it tho', less you's stronger an I is; an I knows you is!

THE DUTCH OF IT.—An exchange paper says that '*forgetting* to pay for your paper and robbing a hen-roost are the same thing, only differently expressed.'

IRISH REFLECTIONS.

Pat at a mirror stood, with eyes
Close shut; when one, in great surprise,
Exclaimed, "What means the ape?"
"What mane I, honey? widout book
That's answered—to *see how I look*
When I am fast asleep."

It is said that the present fashion of wearing the hair in long 'splatches' over the ears was introduced by a cropped convict, in order to hide the evidence of his infamy.

IN TIME OF PEACE, PREPARE FOR WAR.—On Cape Cod, when a young lady is engaged to be married, she suffers her finger nails to grow long, so that in case she should be obliged to throw herself on her reserved rights, she may 'come to the scratch with some prospect of success. Galaxy.

TREMENDOUS STORM.—A western Editor, in giving an account of a hurricane, says—"It is utterly impossible to describe the scene of desolation presented to the eye. We saw as many as four hogs killed."

QUACKERY.—The Neway Times advertises for a quantity of ducks with good broad bills, to clean the mud out of the streets.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A Jack Ketch lately undertook to hang a criminal: but, in a state of mental absence, he put the rope round his own neck. He did not discover his mistake until he heard his neck crack when he was swinging off. Galaxy.

A gentleman in this neighborhood, entering his office during a storm, placed his umbrella upon a chair and spread himself out to dry in the hall. Another, upon retiring, blew himself out and put the lamp to bed.

GALANTRY.—A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters, and knew little of land gear, came ashore yesterday; and in passing up street saw a little woman going along with a large muff before her. He stepped up very politely, and offered to carry it for her, as he was going the same way.

A MODERN AUTHOR.—A friend called on him one day, found him with a large pair of scissors in his hand, and a number of books lying open before him. His friend spoke—no answer: he spoke again. "Hush," exclaimed the author, "Don't you see that I am composing?" LITERARY GAZETTE.

Married on the 29th ult., Miss Rebecca Fowler, to Mr. James C. Kirby:

"When Becky's arms her dear imprison.
Oh! how I wish my lot was *Kirby's!*
How often would I stand and turn
To get a glance from eyes like *hers!*

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor, of the Marquis of Blanford's valvet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the fellow with great innocence: "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

EASTERN NOTION.—It is stated that the Boston merchants and tradesmen are so sharp in their business dealings, that when they hold conversation with customers they have a clerk hid in a sugar cask so as to bring him up as evidence, should the transaction be disputed. Galaxy.

GOOD.—In Augusta a man cannot advertise his wife without paying the printer $50, in advance.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Councils of the Indians have been held in Canada, where it was announced to them that, as William IV. is dead, they have no longer a "Great Father," but a "Great Mother."

A DUTCHMAN'S ELEGY.

Here lies mine pabes so dead as nits,
Vot God has kilt mit ague fits,
He would not let 'em stay mit me,
But took 'em home to stay mit he.

The Cincinnati News mentions as a remarkable instance of the sagacity of a large dog, that he was seen to enter the saloon of the Post Office, raise himself upon his hind feet, look into his master's box and finding it empty, departed with an evident look of disappointment!

There is a man so thin, in Philadelphia, that he can walk among the rays of the sun without encountering one!

'For my part,' said a Grahamite, 'I never was at all particular about my victuals. I could live on fried heel-taps.'

'*Fried heel-taps,*' replied a wag, 'ah, that is what is called shoe-bread.'

The wife selected by the Parisians for the Kentucky giant, is said to be so tall that the snow lies upon her head all the year round. So far very well; but can they furnish us with a *match* for the man spoken of by the Boston Times, who is so short that he can't reach high enough to button his jacket; or for a certain New-York editor, who is so small that he can jump over his own head with the greatest ease, if allowed a running start.

SLEEPY HAT.—"Please, sir," said a waggish urchin to a dilapidated dandy, "Is not your hat sleepy?"

"Hat sleepy! why, you saucy little rascal?"

"Because it looks as though it had not had a *nap* for a great while."

We understand that an old lady lately told her household that she should be obliged to get another tooth-brush into the family, as she had taken so many boarders that one was not enough for the whole concern. Galaxy.

"John," said a careful father, "don't give cousin Simeon's horses too many *oats*—you know they have *hay*."

"Yes thur," said John, moving towards the barn.

"And hark ye, John, don't give them too much *hay*—you know they have *oats*."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A hen, instead of setting on her eggs, got upon a heap of pig-iron, from which she hatched out a large number of spikes.

ANOTHER.—A poor fellow, a few miles out of town, went into his barn for the purpose of taking the life of a fat hen for his morning's breakfast. Melancholy to relate, he became absent minded, and wrung his own neck. He found it out as soon as he tried to crow. Cincinnati News.

At a recent meeting of school trustees in Jersey, a candidate for the '*pedagogicy*' of the district appeared with his father, a farmer, who had spared no pains to provide his son, not only with an *elegant kedication*, but all other requisites for the desired situation. The importance attached to the possession of a *watch* was not overlooked by the old gentleman; and wishing to convey a hint to the *board* that his hopeful offspring was furnished also with this rare recommendation, demanded of him in a loud voice, "what time it was by his new patent lever, double case, silver watch, with a steel chain and gold seal to it?"

"Sixty-five minutes past eleving, daddy," replied the aspirant for academical distinction.

A NATION'S BREAD.

We hear much said, in the papers, of the immense quantities of bread stuffs imported from abroad, and the opinion seems to be general that such importations must have a decided effect upon the wheat market of this country. The fallacy of such an opinion can, we think, be made easily apparent, and the fact shown, that all the grain that has been, and will be imported, has but little more influence on a supply of bread for the nation, than a bucket of water would in filling the ocean. To furnish the population of the United States with bread, one hundred millions of bushels will be required, estimating the number at fourteen millions, and allowing seven bushels of grain per head; which, making allowance for the coarse grains and corn used for food, will not be considered too liberal an estimate.

The quantity of wheat imported into the United States, since last harvest, is estimated not to exceed one million of bushels; and the importation, it is evident, has nearly ceased. If one hundred millions are required by the nation, then not far from three hundred thousand bushels a day will be consumed; consequently the amount imported, would furnish the country with bread about three days and a half. But it must be remembered that we have sent abroad much more than we have received; that from our last year's crop, scanty as it was deemed, quantities have been sent to the West Indies, South America and Texas, and at the present moment the supply in the country is ample. If, as present appearances indicate, the coming harvest should be favorable, not only will the country be filled with abundance, but the pretext of apprehended scarcity will no longer serve the purpose of exacting exorbitant prices, or withholding the necessary supplies from the poor.

But though there is thus a great probability that a want of bread will not at present be felt in this country, such an event should be placed beyond a possibility. It is clear we must pay more attention to agriculture. We have lawyers, and doctors, and merchants, and professional men in general, more than enough to supply the demand: we must have more farmers, and these must be better informed; and theoretically as well as practically acquainted with their business. We must have agricultural societies, and agricultural schools; and no man should be deemed qualified to teach even a common school, who is unacquainted with the great principles that should govern the labors of the farmer, and is unable to teach the analysis of soils and the physiology of vegetation, to the farmers' sons around him. Books may be prepared, which shall give the necessary information on all topics connected with agriculture, and adapted to schools; we know of few places where classes of boys might not be found, where their study and use might not be decidedly beneficial. We hope the labors of the American Society for promoting Useful Knowledge, will be early directed to this subject, as there are few classes of publications contemplated by that Society, which will be so exclusively and permanently useful. A decrease in the products of the earth, is always ominous. The history of the world shows, that the solid additions to the capital, and the consequent prosperity of any country, mainly depend on the productions of the soil; and that the best patriot, as well as political economist, is one who most speeds the plough. Genesee Farmer.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1838.

The Canadian Struggle.—It may have seemed to many of our readers that we have evinced an unjustifiable apathy with regard to the effort recently made by the opponents of British domination in the Canadian Provinces to throw off the yoke of vassalage. To such we would say, once for all, that none can sympathize more truly than we with any attempt of an oppressed people to regain or achieve their liberties. So ardent is our attachment to the principle that every nation should be left to its free choice in respect to a form of Government, that we acquiesce without a murmur when that choice is fixed on a despotism or monarchy—much more when it points to a republic as the fruition of its desire. We go further than the peculiar maxim of our own Government that the Government in fact of a nation is invariably to be considered and treated as the Government of right. We would regard the Government which a clear and ascertained majority of any nation prefer as the real Government, and any hostile rule which fraud or force may impose, as nothing more than a successful usurpation.

Neither do we differ with the most ardent enthusiast in the cause of Canadian independence in respect to the reality of the Provincial grievances. Colonial vassalage must be intrinsically obnoxious to any spirited and thinking people who do not feel the imminent necessity of parental protection. But British domination must be, in the nature of things, unpalatable. Though the policy of England may be guided by liberality and justice, there is that in the national character which renders a Briton an undesirable master or ruler of a foreign people. An imperious self-sufficiency and an inbred contempt of all customs and ideas not accordant with his own, may comport with the character of a just but rarely of a popular master. We speak of notorious national traits, and trust we offend no individual feelings; but the reader of American history can very well conceive that to Lower Canada—to which Britain was naturally but a step-mother, alien in origin, in religion, and in almost every thing else—the yoke of dependence may well seem especially galling. It is unnecessary, then, to enter upon charges and specifications, or to balance conflicting testimony. We believe that the French Canadians are agrieved; that they earnestly desire a change of Government; and as they compose a very large majority of the people of the Province, we maintain, as republicans, their right to choose their form of Government, and shall rejoice to see the day which proclaims them free and independent.

In the Upper Province, a different state of feeling seems clearly to exist. Settled as it is not only by Protestants and Britons mainly, but in considerable proportion by pensioners or the relatives of dependents on the British Crown, it has certainly evinced an innate and overpowering loyalty which few Colonies, we fancy, would have surpassed. The insurrection of Mackenzie and Duncombe appears to have clearly taken Gov. Head by surprise—himself an arbitrary and unpopular officer, without a fortress or a battalion; and had not the prevailing sentiment been one of devoted loyalty, he must have been overpowered. The actual result is in our view decisive. Whatever change may be wrought hereafter, we shall not doubt that the people of the Province decidedly yet prefer the rule of Queen Victoria to that of Wm. L. Mackenzie & Co. and we feel bound to acquiesce in their choice as an end of controversy. We may approve or condemn their taste, but we know no right in any other people to overrule or disregard it.

It must be obvious, then, that the same principles which led us to sympathise with the efforts of Papineau and his associates impel us to look with disfavor on the feats of Mr. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer and his army of liberators. We would not have a people made free against their own wishes; and it has seemed from recent manifestations that as Navy Island is to Upper Canada, so is radicalism to loyalty in the Province. We cannot sympathise with any efforts to force even a republican form of Government upon them against their will. If a few dissatisfied individuals choose to risk a contest with the established authorities, so be it; if unsuccessful, our country is open to them as a refuge and an asylum, but not—we mean it should not be—as a recruiting ground. The distinction is most important to the preservation of national harmony and peace, which may well be ranked with the first of temporal blessings.

—But may not a citizen of the United States assist an oppressed people who are struggling for their liberties? We answer, that as a citizen of the United States he can lawfully do nothing which shall tend to levy war against an ally of this country, or encourage and stimulate resistance to such ally upon its own territory. As a man and a friend of liberty and right, he may at some time feel impelled to disregard the obligations of country for those of humanity. He may justly feel that his duty as a philanthropist is higher and more potent than his duty as a citizen. In resolving to act on this conviction, he of course denationalizes himself. In passing the limits of his own country, with hostile intent against the Government of another, he casts away his former character of a peaceful citizen entitled to the protection of his own Government and the courteous regard of all others at peace with it, and becomes a belligerent—an insurgent—and must share the destinies of the enterprise in which he has embarked. His country is henceforward that in which he has cast his lot, and the issue of the struggle must determine whether he is to be celebrated as a patriot or execrated as a rebel.

We maintain, then, the right of a citizen of one country to engage in the internal strifes and commotions of another; but the occasion must be one of no ordinary character. To embark in such a quarrel from a love of adventure, or the hope of gain, or the desire of fame, or any motive less lofty and pure than a holy devotion to liberty and right, is to enlist as a general murderer. No matter how righteous the cause, his own motives can alone justify him who abandons his own country to swell the tide of foreign insurrection. We will not now stop to apply these principles to recent occurrences. Whether the 'Patriots' of Navy Island and Bois Blanc were impelled by a holy zeal for freedom or a hope of victory and booty, we leave to their own consciences and the opinions of our readers.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBANY, Feb. 12, 1838.

Gentlemen—The last week was one of varied and stirring interest in the Legislature; and as you happened to overlook the proceedings, I may as well begin at the beginning and notice what might have been given in your last.

On Monday, the two Houses proceeded to the Election of Treasurer and Surveyor General, according to previous resolution. The Senate of course nominated the incumbents, the House the Whig candidates. The next step was to meet in joint ballot, and proceed with the election. In this stage, Mr. Mann of Herkimer interposed, and commenced an animated speech against superseding Mr. Keyser, the Treasurer. He was finally declared out of order by the Speaker, on the ground that the House having already decided to go into joint ballot, there was no room for debate. The Senate were in waiting; and, after much interruption and disorder, Mr. M. was stopped, and the joint meeting held. Hon. GAMALIEL H. BARSTOW of Tioga was elected State Treasurer in place of the inexceptionable incumbent, Hon. Abraham Keyser: the vote being for Barstow 95, Keyser 44, scattering 2. Mr. Mann refused to vote. ORVILLE L. HOLLEY was in like manner elected Surveyor General in place of Hon. William Campbell: Holley 94, Campbell 42. It has been voted that Dr. Barstow was superseded thirteen years ago by Mr. Keyser, who is now superseded by Dr. Barstow. So wags the world.

On Tuesday, the Senate came to a decision upon the Bill from the House Repealing the Prohibition of Small Bank Notes. The whole bill was struck out and a new one substituted by a strict party vote: Yeas 20, Nays 10. The bill as amended was then passed by a vote of 18 to 12—Messrs. Young and Spraker of the Fourth District voting with the Whigs against the bill as amended, from their hostility to any repeal at all. [The Senate's bill changes the repeal to a suspension for two years, and expects instant payment in specie for all the Small Notes issued.]

The bill as amended came back to the House on Thursday, and a most spirited debate ensued, continuing through a session of eleven or twelve hours. Mr. Taylor of Ontario moved that the House do not concur in the Senate's amendment, and the motion was further supported by Messrs. Ogden, Scoles and Hall of the city, Silliman of Kings, Allen of Erie, Holley of Wayne, Gibbs and Culver of Washington, Hudson of Ontario, Sanford of Schoharie, Cooke of Greene, Sibley of Monroe, Denniston of Orange, and Allen of Chautauque. It was opposed by Messrs. Mann of Herkimer, Drake of Otsego, Hulbert, Hoard and Wardwell of Jefferson, and King of St. Lawrence. The grounds of objection to the Substitute were briefly that this bill would prevent the issue of any Small Notes at all, and mock the expectations of the People; that the People had demanded, not Suspension, but Repeal, and their wishes should be obeyed. On the other hand, the speeches indicated a decided hostility to the Banking System. Finally, Mr. King moved a division of the question, so as to take the vote first on the section proposing a Repeal of the Restriction, which was rejected, 97 to 15: the ultra Anti-Bank men voting with the Whigs. The remainder of the Substitute was then rejected, 88 to 21. So the House, at 11 o'clock, refused to concur in the Senate's amendments, and returned the bill.

The bill came up in the Senate next day, and it was resolved to adhere to the Substitute: Yeas 20, Nays 10. A conference was then asked, to which both Houses have appointed conferees. The result is quite likely to be that no Small Bill Law will be passed.

—— Tuesday Evening, Feb. 13.

The House has been engaged since Thursday last in irregular debates upon politics in general and points of order in particular. The business ostensibly in hand is the consideration of Resolutions adverse to the Sub-Treasury, reported by Mr. Holley, and Resolutions urging upon the General Government the Survey of the Western Lakes, amended by the Senate so as to urge also Surveys of the Western Harbors. In this stage, Mr. Mann of Herkimer moved an amendment to the amendment, declaring a National Bank unconstitutional. This was opposed as irrelevant, and Mr. L. F. Allen moved the Previous Question, which was lost, 67 to 24. Mr. Mann also moved another amendment to the amendment, instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives to oppose Abolition. This was rejected as irrelevant by the House: Yeas 22, Nays 79. Mr. P. King now moved an instruction against depositing Public Moneys in Banks.

The debate, or rather two or three debates, had now consumed nearly three days to no purpose. The Speaker here (on Monday) interposed a decision that the amendments sought to be engrafted on the original resolutions as amended by the Senate were out of order, as wholly foreign from the subject under discussion. An appeal being taken, the Speaker gave his reasons for this decision, fortified by quotations from Jefferson's Manual, and by the recent decision of Speaker Polk against an amendment offered by Mr. Wise to a resolution giving pay and mileage to Messrs. Prentiss and Word. After some discussion, the House SUSTAINED this decision of the Speaker: Yeas 94, Nays 9. [This is a most important, and I believe salutary decision; but it seems to me novel if not liable to great abuse in the hands of a tyrannical presiding officer. It will probably save much time.]

Mr. Mann opposed the original resolution, and considered this business of improving Western harbors as a speculator's affair altogether. Mr. Hall replied. Mr. Halsey offered a resolution asking Congress to pass a law to prevent the circulation of U. S. Bank Notes [of the old Bank, I presume.] Its fate is not doubtful.

In the Senate to-day, Mr. Verplanck presented the memorial of the Board of Trade of New York in favor of the New York and Erie Railroad. [It requests the State to make the Road itself.] A great many bills of secondary interest were advanced a stage, and then the Senate went into Executive business.

In the House, Mr. Holley from the proper Committee reported a bill to expedite the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad. [It directs that $300,000 of the State's subscription to the enterprise shall be paid as soon as the Company shall have expended that sum. Mr. Scoles made a similar Report granting $300,000 to the Catskill and Canajoharie Railroad. Ten times the usual number of each of

these Reports was printed. Mr. Mann hoped if Mr. Scoles' Report were to be printed, the poetry and politics would be struck out. [The gentleman from Herkimer seems to have no ear for music.]

Mr. Hall reported in favor of renewing the charter of the Bank of Rochester. On his motion, a select committee was appointed to investigate the charges against the Bank of Orleans.

The morning business being transacted, Mr. Holley called up the Resolutions expressing hostility to the Sub-Treasury project and instructing our Senators in Congress accordingly. Mr. Barnard took the floor in their favor, and spoke till 2 o'clock, when an adjournment was had till 3, and the debate then resumed. Every body knows what the result will be: the Resolutions will be passed here and defeated in the Senate; and the time spent in debate upon them is utterly wasted.

As to the Small Note business—the Committee of Conference has not yet reported, but I consider it settled that no bill will pass. The majority in the Senate is hostile to any issue of Small Notes at all, and consent even to a nugatory suspension of the existing restraint, because public opinion seems to be strongly favorable to Small Notes. The House regards any thing less than a Repeal of the Law a mockery, which will certainly defeat the issue of the desired notes at all. So there we are, and are likely to be this many a day.

Congress.—The doings for the past week have been very unimportant. Our representatives seem to rack their invention for ways and means to waste the time and money of the people. No sooner is the long discussion about the Mississippi election over, than, seizing upon a statement of a letter writen from Washington, charging a member with corruption, the charge is gravely taken up and made a bone of contention.

The whole of the day on the 12th inst., from the opening of the House to the adjournment at about 6 o'clock in the evening, was occupied in an excited discussion of a motion by Mr. Wise, for a Committee of Inquiry, originally moved in the following terms:

"Whereas, the following publication appears in the New-York Courier and Enquirer, to wit:

Corruption of Congress.—We yesterday published a letter from "The Spy in Washington," directly charging a member of Congress with corruption, and offering to *prove* the charge before a committee of either House, when called upon for that purpose. We re-publish the charge to-day, and call upon Congress promptly to institute the investigation thus challenged, both as an act of justice to itself and to the country. 'The Spy in Washington,' it may be said, is not an ostensible or responsible person; but we desire at once to obviate this difficulty, by stating as we now do, that he is known to us, and that whenever called upon by a committee of Congress, we pledge ourselves that he shall be forthcoming, and that he is one whose standing warrants an immediate proceeding on the part of Congress.

Extract from yesterday's Courier and Enquirer.

'The more brief my statement, the better it will be understood. It is in my power, if brought to the bar of either House, or before a committee, and process allowed me to compel the attendance of witnesses, to prove, by the oath of a respectable and unimpeachable citizen, as well as by written documentary evidence, that *there is at least one member of Congress who has offered in barter his services and his influence, with a Department or Departments, for compensation.* 'Why, sir,' said the applicant for a contract, 'if my proposition has *merit*, it will be received. If it has not, I do not expect it will be accepted.' And what do you think was the answer of the honorable member? I will give it to you in his own emphatic language: '*Merit*,' said he, '*why, things do not go here by merit, but by pulling the right strings. Make it my interest, and I will pull the strings for you.*'

"THE SPY IN WASHINGTON."

"*Therefore Resolved*, That a select committee of —— members, with power to send for persons and papers, be appointed to inquire into the charge of corruption therein contained against a member of Congress. That as soon as the committee ascertain the name of the person accused, they give him notice to appear before them, and attend such examination, and that they report to this House."

After considerable time wasted, Mr. Matthew L. Davis was summoned to the bar of the House, and after acknowledging that he was 'the Spy in Washington,' said that he could substantiate the allegation. He said that it was not a member of the House who was accused. It afterwards appeared that it was a member of the Senate alluded to, viz. Mr. Ruggles, of Maine. This gentleman has explained the whole matter, and satisfactorily. Thus has it ended in smoke. We have no patience with this interference with the representatives of the people, with extraneous affairs, with which they have no business, and of which they are not required to be cognizant.

In Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Webster presented a memorial from the Board of Trade of New-York, setting forth the evils and sufferings which arise from the present state of the currency and exchanges, and praying relief from Congress.

The Senator briefly stated the character of the memorial. "It comes from men of business—from practical men whose daily employments make them conversant with the subject upon which they address Congress, and whose opinions are far more valuable than the theories and experimental projects which may be framed here.

"They urge that Congress should take the control of the currency into its own hands—not to resort to doubtful and untried expedients, but to return to that policy which has been approved by the people and has been always successful.

"Their acquaintance with matters of currency has led to the opinion that a national bank ought to be instituted. Recent events have confirmed them in the belief that it is necessary, and they think that the people in every quarter of the Union are rapidly coming to the same conclusion."

Washington's Birth-Day.—Before our next paper shall appear, the Birth-Day of our Washington will have come and gone. What emotions—what lofty emotions of gratitude should the recurrence of this auspicious event excite in the hearts of Americans! The ancients were wont to designate the day upon which any great and good fortune befell with a white stone. The twenty-second of February should be noted by us with a diamond—a clear brilliant of the purest water—as bright as his virtues, as unstained as his character. The following sketch of his character, designed for a Monumental Inscription, was transcribed from a manuscript copy, written on the back of a picture-frame, in which is set a miniature likeness of Washington, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the mansion at Mount Vernon, having been left there some time after Washington's death. The author of the composition is not known; but this single work, so true, so expressive, so worthy of its subject, is sufficient to make the reputation of any single man:

WASHINGTON;
The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty,
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of modern Greatness,
He stands alone;
And the noblest Names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all Qualities necessary
To an Illustrious Career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity,
And on the Pillars of National Independence
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the Unanimous Voice of a Free People,
He Surpassed in the Cabinet
The Glories of the Field;
And voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A Spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration;
And the name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new Lustre to Humanity,
Resounded to the Remotest Regions of the Earth.
Magnanimous in Youth,
Glorious through Life,
Great in Death,
His highest Ambition the Happiness of Mankind,
His noblest Victory the Conquest of Himself,
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame,
And building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen.
He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
And died Regretted by a Mourning World.

NEW-JERSEY.—Application was made on Friday to the Legislature, to incorporate the City of Hoboken.

The bill to reduce the capital stock of the Bank of Camden, passed the Council on Friday of last week.

The receipts of the New-Jersey State Treasury, during the year ending Oct. 6, 1837, were $135,548 81; the disbursements were $133,015 73. The State debt is $69,334 94. The expenditures for the current year are estimated at $84,022, and the income at $45,015. The school fund, on the 28th October last, was $269,060 63, and is annually increasing.

The State Temperance Society celebrated their anniversary at Trenton, week before last. Job S. Halsey, of Sussex presided. The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was chosen President for the ensuing year. The State Agent made his report, and the meeting was addressed by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Mr. Aikin the State Agent, and the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Elizabethtown.

The act authorising the banks to issue notes under five dollars, passed both Houses of the Legislature on the 30th ult. It is an unconditional repeal of the restraining law.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A bill was reported in the Legislature of this State, which prohibits the banks from paying dividends during the suspension of specie payments, under a penalty equal to the amount of such dividends.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—The annual election of the State and county officers, takes place on the 13th of March next.

The Hon. Isaac Hill is the Van Buren, and James F. Wilson, Esq. the Whig candidate for Governor.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. Johnston's resolution, which instructs the Senators in Congress to vote for a postponement of the Sub-Treasury Bill until the next session, passed the House of Representatives on Monday, and after a very warm debate, *by a majority of two votes—the yeas being* 51; *the nays* 19.

It is proposed to hold a Whig Convention of Young Men, in Pennsylvania, in May next.

The Convention to amend the Constitution has rescinded its resolution to adjourn, passed last week, and has agreed to make the 22d inst. the day of adjournment.

The friends of Ritner are recommending the holding a State Convention to ensure his re-election.

The Antimasonic friends of the present Governor, met in Pittsburgh this day, for the purpose of electing delegates to the 4th of March State Convention.

The Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg has resigned his seat in Congress. His resignation has been received by the Governor, but as yet no day has been fixed upon for an election to fill the vacancy. In his resignation Mr. Muhlenberg states as the reason, that he has accepted the mission to Austria.

MARYLAND.—The total valuation of property in the State of Maryland, exclusive of Calvert county, (not yet returned) is $100,394,682, of which $42,931,960 is in the city of Baltimore.

Not far from 800,000 bushels of wheat and 140,000 bushels of rye was imported into Baltimore in 1837.

The Legislature have been discussing the propriety of calling a Convention (by general vote, as in Pennsylvania) to alter the Constitution. In the Senate the votes stood—Yeas 31—Nays 2.

A bill has passed the Senate to limit every alternate session of the Legislature to sixty days.

VIRGINIA.—Resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature, for separating the Government from Banks. The Richmond Enquirer expresses an opinion, that a large majority of both branches of the Legislature, are in favor of the separation.

This body has also attempted to repeal the act passed at a former session, fixing the fourth Thursday of April of each year, as the day for holding the general elections of the State. A resolution to that effect was indefinitely postponed, and the law remains unaltered.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature, which proposes to devote $5,110,000 to the internal improvements of the State.

The Farmers' Bank of Virginia has nearly a million of specie in her vaults.

MICHIGAN.—The Legislature of this State have decided, by a vote of 42 to 4, to instruct their Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote against the annexation of Texas, and declared, by the same vote, "that it is unnecessary and inexpedient to express any opinion, as to the constitutional power of Congress over the domestic slave trade in the District of Columbia and the Territories.

Progress of the Small Bill Law.—The *suspension* Bill of the Senate was sent back by the House on Thursday night, by a vote of 88 to 21, and its own *repeal* Bill substituted in its stead. The Senate voted to adhere to its own Bill as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. J. Beardsley, L. Beardsley, Beckwith, Dickinson, Downing, Edwards, Hunter, Huntington, Johnson, H. F. Jones, J. P. Jones, E. P. Livingston, Loomis, Powers, Skinner, Spraker, Sterling, Van Dyck, Wager, Young.—20.

Noes—M. Hall, Lacy, Lee, H. A. Livingston, Maynard, Mosely, Tallmadge, Verplanck, Works.—9.

And Messrs. Powers, Edwards and Hunter were appointed

a Committee of Conference on the part of the Senate. The House concurred in the appointment of a Committee also. The Bill is now in that stage.

From the Washington Globe of Monday.

OFFICIAL.

The subjoined extracts of a letter, received at the War Department from General Scott, show that the whole Northern frontier is tranquil. This officer has displayed equal zeal, ability, and discretion, in the measures he has adopted to maintain the character and good faith of the country, and to protect our rights from violation. He has been ably seconded by Lieutenant Worth, whose energy and perseverance in the prosecution of the enterprise with which he was charged by his commanding officer entitle him to high commendation.

The measures of pacification adopted by General Scott to restrain the excitement, and protect our territory on the Vermont frontier, were entrusted to Brigadier General Wool, who, in conjunction with the Governor of that State, succeeded in carrying them into successful operation.

Extracts from a letter of Major General Scott to the Department of War, dated

BUFFALO, Feb. 5, 1838.

"After much uneasiness on my part, on account of the Detroit frontier, and the safe arrival of the troops sent hence in the Robert Fulton, I have the honor to report, that I this morning by the return of my express, received the most satisfactory replies from both his excellency Governor Mason, and Brigadier General Brady, dated the 2d instant, copies of which are herewith enclosed. By these it will appear, that the tranquility of that frontier has been entirely restored, and that the regulars, without the aid of a single volunteer, are deemed sufficient for its future tranquility.

"It may be thought, possibly, that I sent thither too large a portion of the regulars from this frontier; but please reflect that at the time I had no authority to call upon Michigan, or any State above this, for troops; but I knew that the Detroit frontier was in much danger; that Brigadier General Brady had not a regular soldier within his reach; that much had already been done to tranquilize this frontier, and that I retained a sufficient force, regulars and volunteers, to maintain its tranquility. Besides, the appearance of two steamers, the Robert Fulton and New England, all along our shore of the lake, with the United States troops, had the happiest effect in allaying the excitement, almost universal among our citizens, and in preventing any unlawful movement on their part.

"I think too much praise cannot be given to Lieutenant Colonel Worth, for the extraordinary zeal, perseverance, and energy, by which he succeeded in reaching Detroit in the Robert Fulton, with the troops sent hence. Much credit is also due to Lieutenant Homans, of the Navy, whom I had placed in the nautical charge of the boat. A copy of Lieu-Colonel Worth's report to me, dated the 28th ultimo, is herewith enclosed. It is highly satisfactory.

"This officer has this moment arrived, through the peninsula opposite, having crossed the Niagara from Queenston to Lewistown. He confirms all the favorable reports above. He thinks there may be 8,000 British troops, regulars and volunteers, between the Detroit and Niagara rivers, on the other side, of whom a fourth, perhaps a third, are regulars. He saw many large detachments; was received with high courtesy every where, and with military honors at Sandwich. The British authorities expressed much satisfaction with our movements in support of the obligations of neutrality.

"Captain Wright and Lieutenant Talcott, both of the Army, were among the gentlemen who returned with Lieutenant Colonel Worth."

Extract of a Letter of Lieutenant Colonel Worth to General Scott, dated

"STEAMER FULTON, (near Detroit river.) Jan. 28, 1838

"In reference to this expedition, I am happy to say that its effect has been beneficial, equal to your most sanguine expectations, both as tending to disperse the hostile expedition, and re-assure the well disposed portion of our People.

"The lesson has taught the violator the ability and determination of the constituted authorities to maintain the laws."

ADDRESS OF SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD
TO THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF UPPER CANADA.

The Lieutenant Governor informs the Legislative Council, that in consequence of this Province being invaded and assailed by a foreign enemy, and being the scene of actual military operations, Colonel Foster, the officer in command of Her Majesty's land forces, has assumed the entire military authority and command over the troops; that he is also in command of the militia; and that the Commissary General at Quebec has communicated to the officer in charge of the Commissariat here, that consistently with the rules of the service, no expenses can be allowed unless sanctioned by the authority of the military commander, upon whom the protection of the Province has thus necessarily devolved.

The Lieutenant Governor takes this opportunity to communicate to the Legislative Council, that having had the misfortune to differ from Her Majesty's Government, on one or two points of colonial policy, he felt it his duty, on the 10th of September last, respectfully to tender to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, the resignation of the important station, which for a short time, he has had the honor to hold in this Province.

His resignation having been graciously accepted, the Lieutenant Governor has to inform the Legislative Council, that he yesterday received official information that Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint Colonel Sir George Arthur, to be Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, and that His Excellency may be expected to arrive here in a few days.

Under the peculiar circumstances in which the Province is at present placed, the Lieutenant Governor feels confident, that the Legislative Council will rejoice with him at the approaching arrival of an officer of high character and considerable experience, whose rank in the army will enable him to combine the military command with the civil government of this Province.

Government House, 15th January, 1838.

REPLY.

To His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, Baronet, Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Knight of the Prussian Military Order of Merit, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, &c. &c.

May it Please Your Excellency:—We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, in Provincial Parliament assembled, beg to return our respectful thanks to Your Excellency for communicating to us the fact, which is at this crises particularly important, that by the regulation of Her Majesty's service the command of the troops, and of the militia employed in the defence of this Province, cannot be united in Your Excellency's person with the administration of the civil government.

If Your Excellency were to continue to represent Her Majesty in this Colony, we are persuaded, that under circumstances, such a separation of the civil power from the military command would be likely to lead to very unfortunate results, since military rank and experience, although they are by no means incompatible with the peculiar qualifications which are requisite to give confidence, animation and effect, to the military force, are not always to be found united with them.

We beg to assure Your Excellency that we learn with extreme regret, that the civil government of this Province is to continue for so short a time in Your Excellency's charge.—It is not known to us upon what particular points Your Excellency's views have differed so essentially from those of Her Majesty's Government, that Your Excellency was induced to tender your resignation; but we know, that at no period in the history of Upper Canada has its political condition been such as ought to be more satisfactory to the ministers of the crown: and we feel that not Upper Canada only, but the Empire, owes to Your Excellency a large debt of gratitude, for your firm and manly avowal, upon all occasions, of those sentiments which became the representative of a British monarch, and for the unwavering support which Your Excellency has never failed to give to the established principles of the constitution.

It is this fearless adherence to right principles, rather than to expediency, which has enabled Your Excellency to rally round the government, in a moment of danger, the arms of an united people: and to exhibit this Province to our sovereign, and to the world, in a posture which must command for its brave and loyal inhabitants the highest admiration and respect.

If the result of Your Excellency's firm and uncompromising policy shall impress upon Her Majesty's Government the conviction, that they need not fear to support in Upper Canada the principles of the British Constitution, it will have produced an effect of infinite value to this Colony; and will have supplied what we believe has been chiefly wanting to insure its permanent tranquillity.

But the Legislative Council cannot refrain expressing the regret with which they have observed, in the case of Your Excellency, and of your respected and gallant predecessor, that your connection with the government of this Colony has seemed incapable of being protracted, with satisfaction to yourselves, beyond the period when it became evident that no submission would be made by you to a spirit of factious discontent, which nothing can appease but the destruction of British rule.

We beg Your Excellency to believe, that the Legislative Council will ever entertain a grateful recollection of the justice and condescension which they have always had occasion to acknowledge in their intercourse with Your Excellency; and that they participate deeply in the feeling of general regret at Your Excellency's approaching departure from this Province. JOHN B. ROBINSON, *Speaker.*

Legislative Council Chamber, 17th January, 1838.

From the Frontier.—Movements of the Patriots.—Information from an authentic source has been received at Buffalo that the scattered fragments on Navy Islanders and Ohio patriots have effected a union in the neighborhood of Black swamp, with the intention of pushing on through Michigan, and crossing at some point on the St. Clair river into Canada. It is understood that they have some arms, which have been given them by the people of the country through which they lately passed.

They are under the command of Adj. Gen McLeod. Van Rensselear left here for the West, night before last. His intentions can easily be surmised.

The public may be assured that Gen. Brady, who is in command at Detroit, will take the most active and efficient measures to prevent any violation of our neutrality, and will disarm any force which may attempt to march through Michigan with hostile intentions toward Canada.

In Lower Canada we notice that arrests continue for treason. At the present rate half the province will soon be placed on guard over the other.

Sir John Colborne was to be sworn, at Montreal, Administrator of the Government on the 13th inst. and it is said that Lord Gosford would leave Quebec the same day. It is reported that a frigate has been ordered from Halifax to wait for his Lordship at Boston.

ADDRESS OF S. S. PRENTISS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

Fellow-Citizens—In November last you elected me one of your representatives to the 25th Congress, by much the largest vote ever polled for that office in the State. The election was holden, as you well know, at the time, places, and in the manner prescribed by your laws, which laws were enacted by your Legislature, under the express authority of the Constitution of the United States. Immediately after ascertaining the result of that election, I received from the Governor credentials, in pursuance of law, and repaired, with all convenient speed, to the Federal city. I presented my credentials to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and demanded to be sworn in as a member. The Speaker refused; and I was told that the seats belonging to the State of Mississippi were already filled. On examination, I found them occupied by Messrs. Claiborne and Gholson. You probably recollect that, in July last, you elected those gentlemen to serve you until superseded by such persons as you might select, at the general election in November. On presenting my power of attorney from you, dispensing with their further service, and substituting myself and collegue in their places, they utterly refused to obey, and set your mandate at open defiance. Indeed, they had previously asserted, upon the floor of the House, that you had elected them for the whole of the 25th Congress; that they had been candidates for the whole term, and that you so understood it.

They demanded and obtained, at the special session, by a resolution introduced by themselves, a decision that they were duly elected to the whole of the 25th Congress; and, relying upon this decision, they objected, both before the committee and the House, to any examination into the question whether you did, in reality, intend to elect them for a longer period than the special session; thus basing their claim to seats, not upon your will, but upon a decision of the House of Representatives, procured at their own instigation, upon an *ex parte* examination of the case, and without the production of any legal credentials or certificate of election whatever. Finding the attitude in which the matter stood, I proceeded at once to attack the decision of the House, as unconstitutional, *ex parte*, and founded upon palpable mistake. I took the ground that, whatever might be the validity of the July election, it was not intended to supersede, nor could it constitutionally supersede, the regular election in November; and that the constitutional rights of the People of Mississippi were beyond the control, and above the jurisdiction, of the House of Representatives. I denied the power of one branch of the Federal Legislature to nullify the admitted constitutional law of the State of Mississippi, fixing the time for the election of her representatives to Congress. I openly denied on your behalf, any intention of surrendering your constitutional right of choosing your representatives at the time, places, and in the manner prescribed by your laws.

After a most severe and memorable contest, in which every art an effort was exhausted for the purpose of sustaining Messrs. Claiborne and Gholson in their usurped places, the house at length solemnly decided that they were not entitled to seats as the representatives of the state of Mississippi, on the express ground that the July election was unconstitutional and void. This decision was predicated upon the obvious principle that the constitution of the United States expressly delegates to the State Legislatures the power of designating the time, place, and manner of election, uncontroled, except by law of Congress; and that the Legislature of Mississippi having, in the legitimate exercise of this power, fixed the first Monday, and day following, of November, as the time for the election of her representatives to the 25th Congress, the governor had no authority to change the time so designated.

So far the House of Representatives honorably rectified an acknowledged error into which they had fallen, and sustained you against the attack which had been made by Messrs. Claiborne and Gholson upon your most sacred constitutional rights, and these gentlemen were justly turned out of their seats to which they had clung with such desperate tenacity. I would, for the honor of the American nation, I could stop here. No sooner, however, had the House decided that the July election was void, because November was the only time at which an election could be valid, than they turned around and again decided that the November election was void, because of the error into which the House had fallen; and this decision was made upon the avowed and monstrous doctrine that you could not exercise your admitted constitutional right of choosing representatives, so long as the blunder of the House in relation to it remained unacknowledged.

The highest political right which appertains to you was suspended, and the state of Mississippi totally disfranchised,

not by any fault of her own, but through the acknowledged ignorance of the House. While the House was in error, you could not exercise your rights; and a simple resolution of the federal House of Representatives, by this decision, is sufficient, at any time, not only to modify, but to destroy the right representation of any or every state in the Union. No one denied that, in pursuance of the law and the constitution, you had elected me as your representative. It was your right to elect any body, that was denied. It was decided that your election in July was void, on account of the November election, and that the November election was void, on account of the erroneous decision of the House in favor of the July election. Thus, at a period when, of all others, your interests most require attention, and questions of vital importance are agitating the country, you are juggled out of your whole right of representation in the popular branch of the national Legislature, and the reason assigned is, that the blunders of the House of Representatives are constitutional laws, and paramount to the admitted constitutional laws of the states, and of force sufficient to annul the same. Doctrines so federal were never before advanced in this government, and, if they be correct, then is the House of Representatives a despot, and the rights of the states exist only in imagination. If such doctrines are correct, what prevents Congress from declaring itself perpetual—a rump Parliament—and then asserting, as they have in the present instance, that, so long as that decision remains unrescinded, the constitutional power of the states to hold their regular election is suspended, and their laws nullified?

Upon the question of the validity of the November election, the vote stood at a tie, and the Speaker had the glorious infamy of deciding it against you. A single representative from another state exercised the power of denying your right to any representation; and the still small voice of James K. Polk deprived you of that which a hundred thousand bayonets could not have forced from you.

I wish you distinctly to understand that your *right of election*, either in July or November, has been solemnly denied and repudiated. I told the House that you would not submit quietly to have your elective franchise trodden beneath the iron heel of federal despotism, and that there was no possession you would not sooner part with than your right of representation, that great legacy of the revolution.—Was I right or was I wrong in thus speaking for you? Whether right or wrong, I spoke my own sentiments when I denounced, as I did, the action of the House as a plain and palpable violation of the constitution—a foul, high-handed and tyrannical usurpation. I looked with scorn and derision upon the juggling and hypocritical pretence of sending the election back for the *purpose* of ascertaining your wishes, when you had spoken, through all your legal and constitutional forms, in a voice which an idiot could not fail to have understood. The House has decided that both your elections in July and November, are void; and yet they permit the representative from Arkansas to hold his seat under two elections precisely parallel.

I tell you candidly and honestly my own opinion of the whole transaction, and I have been a close and attentive observer. I believe you have been basely defrauded of your elective franchise, simply because you did not choose, in exercising it, to consult the political taste and complexion of the majority in the House. It is for you to say whether you will bow in submission to the rod, and sacrifice your great and sacred rights at the shrine of the party dictation, or whether you will assert your rights, free and untrammelled, to elect whom you please as your representatives.

The true contest now is, whether you or the House of Representatives shall designate the individuals who shall serve you in that body. To the honorable and high minded of all political parties I appeal, for a dignified and determined assertion of the right of election. Believing, as I do, before Heaven, that I am your constitutional representative, in spite of the tyrannical and arbitrary action of the House; and believing, too, that the honor and character of the citizens of Mississippi are deeply involved in the action which they may take in relation to this matter, I have deemed it my duty to address to you some account of the result of the high errand upon which you sent me. The usurpers have been driven from the capital; but your representatives have been denied admittance. To the best of my humble ability I have obeyed your high behest. It now devolves upon you to assert, in such a manner as honor and duty may dictate, your violated rights.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Washington City, Feb. 7, 1838.

P. S. I shall be in Mississippi in a few days, when I will be able to explain to you, more at large, the outrage which has been committed upon you. S. S. P.

The Director of the Mint in his annual report to Congress states the coinage of the Mint, for 1837, to have been as follows:

Gold—Half Eagles	$1,035,910
Quarter do.	112,700
Silver—Half Dollars	1,814,910
Quarter do.	63,110
Dimes	104,200
Half do.	113,800
Copper—Cents	55,583
Total Coinage	$3,300.213

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The British frigate Inconstant has arrived at Halifax, with troops for Canada. She brings dates to Jan. 4, from Cork, but nothing later from Liverpool or London than we have before received.

CORK, Jan. 4.

Army.—The Troops for Canada.—Orders have been received, we understand, to put the Fermoy Barrack in readiness for the immediate reception of a large body of troops, horse and foot.

Transports are expected at Cove (it is said that the line of battle ships Bellerophon and Vanguard, the former of 78 and the latter of 84 guns, have been ordered *instanter* from the Mediterranean for the purpose) to take on board the depots of the 11th and 73d, and proceed to Gibraltar, where they are to meet the service companies of the regiments now in Corfu, and take them on to Halifax.

From the Limerick Chronicle, Jan. 3.

An order from the Horse Guards was received in the garrison yesterday morning, for volunteers to serve in Canada, with a bounty of one guinea for each man. The order was promptly read on parade to the 25th Regiment, at the new Barracks, when fifty active fellows, including several of the Grenadier Company, turned out without hesitation, and offered their services to the 11th and 73d Regiments, which are the corps specified in the despatch, and to join their ranks these volunteers will embark next week at Cork, on route to Gibraltar, where the 11th and 73d are to await orders for Canada. The 25th will supply at least 100 volunteers, as the Horse Guard invitation is gone out this morning to the detachments at Bruff, Rathkeale and Newcastle.

The 22d Regiment in Cork has been called upon for volunteers to the Regiments in Canada.

The Inconstant brought out the left wing of the 93d Regiment, commanded by Major Arthur. The troops were received with great enthusiasm at Halifax on disembarking.

The Asiatic Cholera has made its appearance at Waterford, Ireland, and the neighboring towns.

It is stated that Sir Henry Hardinge has been appointed commander of the forces in Canada. Sir Henry was the favorite aid of Sir John Moore at Corunna—was with Wellington throughout the peninsular war, and lost an arm at the battle of Waterloo.

Two companies of the Royal Artillery were to have embarked on the 2d of January for Jamaica, but their destination has been changed to Canada.

Capt. Wulff's company of Royal Engineers, destined for Gibraltar, and 25 officers on half pay, are also ordered to Canada. It is expected that a brigade of Guards under Lord Saltoun will immediately follow.

From all quarters we hear of military preparations against the Patriots, and in a few weeks nearly all the disposable force of Great Britain will have been landed at Halifax, or at other points near it.

It is stated in the London Observer, of Dec. 31, that ministers had under consideration the propriety of recommending to Parliament, immediately after the reassembling of the two Houses, an increase in both the Army and Navy—the former to the amount of 15 or 20,000 men, and the latter from 5 to 10,000. One of the reasons assigned for this measure, in addition to the unsettled state of the Canadas, is the unfriendly tone of the message of the President of the United States, upon the boundary question.

FRANCE.—The goldsmiths and jewellers of Paris generally receive large orders at this season of the year—these, however, were never so extensive as at the present moment.

As the gaming houses were to be closed on the 31st of December, they had for some days previously been so thronged that it had been necessary to have them attended by a large additional number of gendarmes for the purpose of keeping order.

Captain Vaillant, who circumnavigated the world in the Bonite frigate, and has just returned, has been received with marked distinction by Louis Philippe.

All was tranquil at Algiers, Dec. 24. Marshal Vallee, it was believed, would come home.

Abdel Kader, the conquered Emir, has sent a present of 23 fine Arab steeds to Louis Philippe—two of them to the Duke of Nemours. The Emir is reorganizing his cavalry.

M. Thilorier has exhibited his extraordinary apparatus for the liquification and solidification of carbonic acid gas. If all he asserts be true, it will supersede steam and electro-magnetism in power, and enable us to manufacture legitimate snow-storms at pleasure. At his exhibition he threw snow-flakes into every part of the room. Those who are fond of sleigh-riding should cultivate an acquaintance with this hyperborean chemist.

Out of 33 millions, (the population of France,) but 250,000 are allowed to vote.

The consumate ignorance of French writers upon the United States is illustrated by the following from the Journal de Debats:—

"In the United States there are no apricots, and, properly speaking, neither the pear or plum exist. The wild grape is a tree, but its fruit detestable. The sugar cane in Louisiana is regularly frozen every winter; also the cotton, though the Americans export 300 millions of francs of it annually, yet it would flourish better in Algiers or Corsica."

SPAIN.—Don Carlos is bending all efforts towards Castile. His army, consisting of between 7 and 8,000 men, had started towards that country. The result of the expedition, if disastrous to him, will conclude the war.

The Belgian army is suffering from opthalmia, upwards of 4000 soldiers being in hospital from this complaint.

CIRCASSIA.—A letter of the 24th ult. from Odessa states that of the 80,000 Russians who marched into Circassia, but few returned, and those were so severely attacked with opthalmia, that most of them lost their sight, and were rendered incapable of service.

M. De Chautelauze, formerly minister of Charles X, has become a resident of Paris.

The Prince of Capua and his wife (Miss Penelope Smythe that was) have left France for England, and will mix this season in the *haut ton* of the metropolis.

Miss Angela Couts Burdett, who succeeded to the Duchess of St. Albans' immense wealth, (ten million dollars,) is said to have purchased the manor of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, from the Duke of Norfolk, and there will hold her Court as Queen of the female Commoners. She is only 23 years of age.

New Musical Instrument.—Cottervini, of Milan, has invented a new wind instrument. It is called Glycibarisono—is in the form of the Bassoon, and its tones are said to bear a close resemblance to those of the human voice.

A Long Tail.—The *tail* of Queen Victoria's dress measures 16 yards, and weighs 20 pounds. The Duchess of Kent has the high and mighty honor of carrying the latter end of it, assisted by three Right Honorable ladies of nobility. One account says that Victoria has a very coarse, awkward figure, a large flat foot, a beefy ancle, and that her face is as ugly as sin.

A Strong Constitution.—An old lady died recently at Leicester, England, who from habit had become so inured to dosing, that she has been known to take at one time, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience, 110 grains of tartar emetic at one dose, and 90 of calomel, 124 of jalap, and Epsom salts by the peck—yet she lived to a good old age.

A Persevering Benedict.—There is now living in Liverpool, England, a man named Arthur Conally, who is seventy-nine years old, and has had *seventeen wives!* He is the father of thirty-six children, and being a widower, is now 'open for another match.'

Insurrection at Trindad de Cuba.—By the brig Adelaide intelligence from thence to Jan. 17, received at Boston, states that the negroes had risen there and fired two plantations (one of them Mr. J. W. Baker's) destroying the steam mills, &c. and killing several men. They were driven off to the mountains, where they have taken shelter, amounting to about one hundred in number, and are closely pursued by the troops. When the Adelaide left, the American merchants were putting their property aboard the vessels. Mr. Baker is said to have lost 2000 hhds molassas, and had his cane crops destroyed.

BRAZIL.—Capt Darling of the Cumberland, from Para states that the province of Bahia was still unsettled, and that the revolutionary party continued in possession of the city at the last accounts, as well as the principal part of the Province. The President with the Government troops were at the mouth of the river waiting for reinforcements from Rio to attack the city.

Trouble among the Mormons.—The Cleveland Gazette of the 25th inst. says; "We learn from a source to be relied on, that the Mormon Society at Kirtland is breaking up. Smith and Rigdon, after prophesying the destruction of the town, left with their families in the night, and others of the faithful are following.—The 'Reformers' are in possession of the Temple, and have excluded the Smith and Rigdon party. An exposure of the proceedings of the Society is in course of preparation by one Parish, the former confidential Secretary of the prophet Smith. He had the records, &c., in his possession."

Money Market.—There has been no material alteration since our last. Every thing is 'flat and unprofitable.'

Bills on England are down to 7 per cent.

There was good sleighing at Providence on Monday last.

NEW-YORK.

NEW AGENTS.

J. M. Moore, Esq. has kindly consented to act for us as Agent at Indianapolis, Ind.

Also, Dr. Joseph Stone, at Hardwick, Mass.

Also, Smith & Fenno, Booksellers, at Bangor, Me. in the place of J. G. Haines & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Ledyard is too late for this week's No. We shall notice his letter in our next.

"Raymond" will appear as soon as the missing page shall have been furnished.

"Shreds and Patches" by a 'Remnant of Mortality,' in our next.

Many thanks to 'Zebulon Buzby.' Should be glad to hear from him often.

Lines "to Louise"—Sonnets by G. and several other communications have just reached us.

N. W. in next No.

We regret that Mr. Buckingham's note was not received in time for our folio edition.

The Literary Character.—We think that we perceive very positive indications that the literary character will be more highly estimated in our commercial city than it hitherto has been. The reverses and distresses of the two past years have caused many to reflect that there is something worth living for besides the simple accumulation of property. The man of a million will scarcely be regarded with a more favoring or envious eye than the possessor of fine talents and hard-earned erudition, when the reflection is forced upon our minds that the riches of the former are, by unseen fatality, made sensibly to diminish or to melt away altogether, while the true wealth of the latter abides surely and securely with him until death. Nothing but the rare deprivation of reason can rob the literary man of that capital which he has stowed away in the chambers of the brain; while the *millionaire* may witness in a single year the dissipation of those possessions for whose attainment he has 'filed his mind.'

All this may be called common-place; but, when considered as relating to a proper estimation of the literary character, such observations are not without their value. The time seems not to be far off when Literature will become a distinct profession in this country, and when any man, who is engaged in its ennobling pursuits, will be regarded as a laborer no less worthy of his hire than a clergyman or a lawyer or a physician. The liberal professions, as they are termed, are filled to overflowing; and yet any one who possesses a fair share of ability can command a respectable livelihood in them. They are therefore regarded with respect, and it is right that they should be. But why is it that the respect of the world does not follow as readily the more elevated pursuit of letters? The question is easily answered. It has not afforded in our country any certain and reliable remuneration for labor. Will it always be so? We think not. We think that the prospects of literature are improving. Every day of the last two years has diminished our respect for money, and consequently increased our regard for better and loftier objects.

We do not mean to detract from the credit which is due to the useful arts. From the days of Lorenzo de Medici, Commerce has ever been a munificent almoner of the bounties of Providence; and the temple of Literature has been supplied with many statues of the gold and ivory and marble which the merchant has brought in his ships from distant shores. We would have the respect for Commerce undiminished, and due praise awarded to her votaries.—We would at the same time that Literature should be no less highly estimated, and that men of letters should occupy their proper places in the great congregation assembled within the walls of the social edifice.

The United States Magazine and Democratic Review for February.—The present number is inferior to that which preceded it. It opens with a long paper on Executive Usurpation, which is called "the key-note of the Opposition," and against the charge of which the Administration is lustily defended. It takes as a text Mr. Cushing's Speech on the Executive powers, delivered in the House of Representatives, Dec. 14, 1837.—"Our Neglected Poets, No. 1." by John Howard Payne, exhibits some interesting research, and seems to be executed with a due degree of care. The subject of the present sketch is William Martin Johnson; an individual of whom we certainly never heard before. His claims to the rank of a poet do not seem to be very clearly established by the samples with which we are just now favored. The sketch however is incomplete, and we shall look to its conclusion in the next number for more certain evidences of poetic genius in Mr. William Martin Johnson. Mr. Payne must have at his command the rich *material* of many a similar magazine article, collected together during his peregrinations, precedent to his contemplated establishment of a continental journal under the somewhat peculiar and euphonious title of '*Jam Jehan Nima*;' which, being translated, signifieth 'The Goblet wherein you may behold the Universe.' Though the public may have been disappointed in this large 'goblet,' yet it is some comfort not to be altogether disappointed in their 'reflections of the universe,' or universal reflections.—"Bruce's Tears" is the sort of poetry which appears to be written to order. It is like veneered furniture; it only seems to be mahogany; there is none of the real stuff about it except on the outside.

The article entitled "Nature, a Prose Poem," is a review of Mr. R. W. Emerson's thin duodecimo, published sometime since under the title of "Nature." It glorifies that little volume, as well as an Oration lately pronounced by the same author at the Phi Beta Kappa Society's anniversary celebration at Harvard University. Into the article, which evidently emanates from a friend of the author, we have not particularly examined; but if we were asked to pronounce an opinion of the works reviewed, we should say that they display a most uneasy effort at originality—an attempt to startle and surprise—a most curious jumble of words into sentences; in short, a kind of fulminating splendor, which, like an explosive powder, at the same time that it flashes before the eye, smokes and goes out into something that is not particularly odoriferous.—We have not had time to peruse "The Charter, a Historical Tale of Connecticut." Perhaps it will be sufficient recommendation for some, that it is by the Author of 'The South-West' and 'Lafitte' The beautiful Sonnet signed with the initials of the accomplished Attorney General, we have transferred to our columns, as well as the charming sketch 'by the Author of Twice-Told Tales,' by which it is immediately succeeded. Mr. Hawthorne's paper is the last, with the exception of the usual accompaniments of the Magazine, such as "Retrospective View of the South American States," and "The Monthly Historical Register;" the latter being rendered valuable this month by a table of the Yeas and Nays in the House of Representatives on the various important motions made this session.

But stop! is "Snow Flakes" the last of the literary communications, making in all, nine? No! there is "The Nun"—an effusion printed in small letter, measured into lines which commence with capitals. The lines seem to be measured by a carpenter's and not a metrical rule. It may be all very pretty, but it is not blank verse.

The Portrait of Mr. Poinsett, which was promised for this number, is said to be unavoidably postponed till the next, when there will be two portraits at once. One of Gen. Andrew Jackson and one of Mr. Martin Van Buren are in the hands of the engraver; but which of these distinguished gentlemen is to accompany Mr. Poinsett does not clearly appear.

The London and Westminster Review.—The American reprint of the number for October lies on our table. Its articles are partly such as are exclusively interesting to Englishmen, and partly such as will be read with pleasure here. Among the latter are those on the works of Mrs. Trollope, in which that delicate lady is somewhat coarsely handled; on Italian Literature, conveying much acceptable information; and a review of Miss Sedgwick's works, which, from intrinsic evidence as well as the initials appended to it, we are convinced is by Miss Harriet Martineau. It is curious, as evincing the views entertained by one celebrated female author about another equally celebrated; but as a criticism, it strikes us as indiscriminating and in the worst possible taste. Though we agree with the reviewer in setting a very high value on Miss Sedgwick's later productions, we cannot consent to the underrating of her early romances, on which the structure of her reputation first arose. These may have faults, but their beauties are certainly more than enough to redeem them.

We may as well improve this occasion to praise the neatness and correctness with which all the Republications of the Foreign Reviews and Magazines have been issued, since they passed under the immediate management of Mr. William Lewer. That gentleman seems to possess a perfect knowledge of his business. There is a promptness and despatch in his movements which inspire confidence. The Magazines, being of more transitory interest, are pushed forward with more haste than the Reviews; but the latter are not far behind the day of their receipt in this country. We are no advocates for the wide dissemination of English principles either in politics or literature throughout our country, having as great a dread of Radicalism as of its antagonist, Toryism; but if we must be fed like children by the hand of our mother-country, and never learn to cater for ourselves, we may as well save as much expense as possible, and be content with the shape in which foreign intellectual nourishment is presented to us in these Republications.

The Southern Literary Messenger—issued on the 12th inst. in Richmond—came to us in good season. It contains its usual variety of interesting prose articles, and the poetry is of a little higher order than usual in this periodical. We copy a paper on Sonnets, bearing the initials of Mr. J. F. Otis—a pleasing writer, but, from the multitude of his avocations, necessarily too hasty. The Review of Mr. Willis's Poems is written in a kindly spirit, and a place is conceded to that author among the literary brotherhood, which, though many may not be disposed to grant, he must be well content to enjoy. At the conclusion, a most ridiculous error is committed by the Reviewer. Had Mr. Willis been guilty of the *sottise* of which he is accused, his sanity no less than his common sense could be called in question. There is in the volume noticed a touching little piece entitled "The Burial of Arnold." Now this Arnold was neither more nor less than a youthful classmate of Mr. Willis in Yale College; and the tribute, written many years ago in the cloisters of the University, was simply the natural effusion of youthful sorrow, spontaneously shed over the departure of a bosom crony. This little piece is magnified by the reviewer into an eulogy over the grave of Benedict Arnold!—the traitor, the scoundrel, the foe to all good, the heir of infamy. We are gravely told—and nobody will dispute it—that "In boyhood he was selfish and cruel; in riper years he added peculation and swindling to increased selfishness and cruelty; later still, he grafted upon those vices, constantly growing more intense in his bosom and his practice, a treason unparalleled in its blackness and enormity; and the sun of his life went down amid clouds of just contempt and storms of revenge, drunkenness and avarice!"—This tirade, which is all right enough, and which puts us in mind of the lines in Rejected Addresses, running— 'Lurid smoke and frank suspicion / Hand in hand reluctant dance"—

happens to be powder foolishly expended. The reviewer says: he has no objection to fancy pictures; but if he supposed Mr. Willis capable of applying the pretty lines which he quotes to Benedict Arnold, he gave that gentleman a credit for more fancy than is due to the author of the Inferno himself. Let the reader conceive, if he can, of the extent of the absurdity of supposing that such a stanza as the following could by any distortion of the imagination be deemed applicable to Benedict Arnold:

"Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not—
There lies he! go and look."

Well! we should have first conjectured that there had been two individuals in the world by the name of Arnold, before imagining that Mr. Willis could have alluded to the traitor.

Among the articles worthy of commendation in the number, are "A Discourse on American Literature;" the continuation of the analytic review of Lord Bacon; some clever stories, among which is one founded on events connected with American History; and "Shakspeare and the Critics," by a Marylander.—We have not space in which to speak more especially of the number; but it is generally interesting, and the proprietor deserves credit for the promptness with which, month after month, it makes its appearance.

The Yale Literary Magazine.—The student-conductors of this journal are really entitled to great credit. There is a finish and *savoir faire* about it which indicate a maturity of taste seldom exhibited by youth in the cloisters of a University. The number for February contains half-a dozen gracefully written prose papers, and the metrical pieces would not be considered amiss in a periodical of larger growth. That entitled "Clairvoyance" is capital. It is a little too long, but we shall try to give it in our next, as a favorable specimen of the Magazine. "The Metropolis" is also very well done. A few more such numbers as this, and the Yale Literary Magazine will merit a circulation not limited to the friends of its talented contributors.

The Vergennes Vermonter.—This is a newspaper just established and edited by Mr. Rufus W. Griswold. If the first number be a fair earnest of its future character for taste and talent, it will be unsurpassed by any journal of a similar kind in the country. In politics it is Whig, and a firm supporter of the claims of Henry Clay to the Presidency; but of its merits in this respect we have nothing to say. The views which we take of all political questions are strictly impartial, and we are ready to commend ability wherever it may be demonstrated. We shall therefore be found to be no less ready to commend a paper which opposes than one which supports the present Administration of the Federal Government.—In that before us we find many things to praise and few to condemn. The selections evince a proper sense of appreciation of both what is useful and what is agreeable. The Editor writes in an easy and graceful style, and with a sturdy independence in the expression of his sentiments which must command general respect. We have marked a well-written article on Female Education for a transfer to our next number, and have also in reserve a delicious old ballad, which we here meet with for the first time, and which is hardly excelled by some of the best things in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Fires.—A fire broke out on Saturday night, at half past 12 o'clock, in the basement of No. 21 Ann-street, occupied as the press-room of the Herald newspaper. It is supposed to have proceeded from the furnace of a steam engine, located in that part of the building. The flames were arrested after doing some inconsiderable damage to the flooring and staircase.

An alarm just before the above, proceeded from the breaking out of fire in a frame building in Chatham street, near Pearl. It was promptly subdued.

Another broke out about four o'clock on Sunday morning, in the two-story brick house No. 17 Dunne-street; it was, however discovered early, and checked before much damage was done.

On Sunday morning the steamboat Andrew Talcott took fire at Brooklyn, from the smoke-pipe. It was soon got under without doing material damage.

On Monday evening a fire broke out in a three-story brick building in the rear of No. 24 Thomas-street, occupied by Chase & Slack, and Platt & Brothers, assayers and refiners of gold. The contents were principally destroyed.

At Newark, N. J.—On Saturday afternoon, the public building in Market-street, formerly known as the museum, occupied by the city council, the fire department, and Joseph Burr, painter, was destroyed by fire. It was insured for $2000, which will probably cover the loss. The carrying shop of Wm. Johnson, on the opposite side of Market street, was set on fire by the cinders and entirely consumed.

Every other house in the Fifteenth Ward was advertised for sale on Monday. The work was the sport of some mid night rascals.

About 50,000 persons have been interred in the fine square now known as the Washington Parade Ground.

The City Inspector reports the death of 180 persons during the week ending on Saturday last. Of these 34 died of consumption, 21 of convulsions, 11 of scarlet fever, and 15 of inflammation of the lungs.

The Boston steamboats are doing a good business by purchasing codfish at two cents per pound, and selling it here at ten cents.

The burial ground of the old Dutch Church, Garden-street, destroyed in the great fire, has been sold, and houses are being erected upon it. During the digging, quantities of bones of the old Dutch settlers interred here are thrown up, and no means are taken, it is said, to place them in a suitable depository.

The new steam-packet Neptune arrived here from Charleston on Saturday last. Off Cape Fear she shipped a sea, and had her quarter boat carried away. The Neptune has proved herself an excellent sea boat.

Match against Time.—Mr. Grant, of Philadelphia, commenced a match against time, at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week, on the Beacon Course at Hoboken, for a bet of $2000 that he would ride 320 miles in 24 successive hours. He rode 240 miles by sixteen minutes past 12 on Friday, when his horses (15 in number) all failed, and he gave out. He did not appear either fatigued or dispirited himself. Many consider that the trial was not a fair one, and that foul play has been practised.

Exchange Hours.—The hour of meeting at the Exchange has been fixed by the merchants at half past 1.

A beautiful girl named Margaret Ann Downing, aged 12 years, was drowned on Monday last, while sliding upon the ice at a pond near the 7th avenue.

Zoological Institute.—This exhibition in the Bowery continues to attract great attention. Mr. Van Amburgh makes his usual visits to the dens of the lions, tigers, &c.

On Wednesday (St. Valentine's day) four bushels of love-letters, addressed to 'fayre ladyes,' were deposited in the Post-Office in this city.

Rents.—Strange as it may appear, the prices that are given for tenements in New-York are greater than are paid in any other city, village or country upon the face of the globe. Since the year 1820, to the opening of 1837, there has been a steady advance, until the demands of landlords have become so exorbitant that tenants find it impossible to meet them. The loss, therefore, that must necessarily be incurred, will be immense.

This unnatural state of things may be ascribed to several causes, but the most prominent are as follows:—1. The great influx of strangers and increase of population. 2. The circumscribed limits of our island, which places improvements at too great a distance from the centre of business. 3. The forced and fictitious rates at which real estate is held. 4. The absurd custom which fixes particular days in the year for the landlord to let and the tenant to take possession.

Now the present unhealthy state of things cannot long exist. The prices paid for rents must be graduated by the prices paid for other things; and if tenants do not now take advantage of the general reduction which all the necessaries of life have undergone, it will be their own fault, and they must expect hereafter to pay any demands, however exorbitant.

The Gazette advises all good ladies to remain at home and receive the calls of those who have heretofore frightened them into the belief that they would be turned into the street at the expiration of their lease. If this course be pursued, before May rents will be reduced at least 30 per cent. and this, in all conscience, is quite as much as should be paid even in prosperous times. Let all who have not engaged houses or stores, *defer doing so* for a time, and, our word for it, they will have no cause to regret the measure. There is but little doubt about their being ultimately supplied, for the numerous '*To Lets*,' which embellish every street in the city, are proof sufficient that there are more houses than applicants. So far a very general demand exists for dwellings of a moderate size, but after you get above $600 there is a great falling off. As you rise higher, the rate of reduction is greater. Families find it necessary to lessen their expenses, and the claims of public opinion do not now require so great an expenditure to sustain the same rank as formerly. Large stores cannot be let without a considerable reduction, as there are many altogether unoccupied. Office rents are lower, and in fact it seems likely that a just equilibrium will be finally established.

The New Alarm Bell.—One of the much talked of Spanish bells, weighing 1700 pounds, has been placed upon the City Hall, and is rang by means of a balance-wheel. If this bell was properly hung, the sound it makes might, perhaps, be heard at the distance of some 300 yards; but as it is, the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of the Park get all the benefit of it.

The Star says that it has the boom of a large Spanish Cathedral bell. Fudge! It is more like that of a steamboat or hotel. There is a consolation, however, in knowing that this is but a temporary substitute for one of respectable dimensions, which is in preparation.

'*Lo, the Poor Indian!*'—The number of Creeks, comprising nearly the whole nation who have arrived at their new home beyond Arkansas, is 21,000.

Another Rifle.—Theodore F. Strong of Northampton, Mass., has invented a new description of rifle, which it is said will supplant all others. It has fourteen chambers or charges, enclosed in a secure case which revolves round the barrel, instead of playing horizontally on the top of it. The charges are all thus secured from exposure and the danger of a discharge, which has always been an objection to Mr. Cochrane's patent. At every discharge of the piece the cylinder containing the charges moves, changing the empty chambers and supplying in its place a loaded one, thus enabling the individual to keep up a *running fire*. The cylinder is detached from the barrel with great ease, and the loading occupies but little time. We recommend this destructive instrument to the especial notice of President Houston. Having some respect for the *squirrel* tribe, we are not quite so anxious that it should fall into the hands of that great *hunter*, General Sutherland.

New Papers.—"The Western Democrat" is the title of a new German "democratic" paper, just commenced at Greensburgh, Pa., by Joseph Miller, Esq. It is a large and well printed sheet, and will, without doubt, prove a very interesting one—to those who can understand the language. For our own part we had as lief undertake to read quail tracks in the snow.

A new Van Buren paper has been established at Shawneetown, Ill., entitled "The Voice."

The first number of the "Louisiana Chronicle," another "democratic" journal, has been issued at St. Francisville, by Mr. J. A. Kelley, a practical printer and an able writer.

"*Williamsburgh Gazette.*"—This paper has passed into the hands of Mr. L. Darbee, who promises to observe a strict political neutrality.

J. W. Syne, Esq. has become the proprietor of the Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer, in place of Mr. Sparhawk, deceased.

A new and most valuable paper, entitled the "Randolph Whig," has been established at Randolph, Tennessee.

The "Western Alligator and Mississippi Battle-Axe" is the title of a paper just issued in the "River State." What a savage affair it must be.

The Weather—Snow at last.—Winter has at last commenced his reign in good earnest. The weather for several days past has been cold and unsettled. In the early part of the week it made several desperate efforts to snow, but finally gave it up in despair. The attempt was renewed on Thursday with better success, and the earth is now clad in a vesture of white. Catarrhs, sore throats, &c. have become quite prevalent again, and, to use the language of one of our *factotums*, the influenza is flying about in chunks as large as the head of an elephant.

"*Gift of the Gab.*"—A western editor says, that speeches enough have been made in Congress, upon the contested election, to supply all the trunk makers in America with lining paper sufficient to last them for the next half century. He also announces his intention of voting, hereafter, for the man who, when he mounts a stump, is unable to say a word.

Death in disguise.—The Boston Post is out against manufactured *sugar candy*. It appears that the variegated sugar-plums so tempting to children, are made of starch, plaster of Paris, pipe clay or chalk, and colored with red lead, gamboge, verdegris and other poisons.

'*No go.*'—A mulatto named Reynolds, was arrested in Philadelphia last week, at the instance of E. Merriman, Esq. of Maryland, by whom he was claimed as a slave. Reynolds gave himself up without resistance, but while in custody several efforts were made, by a gang of negroes, to rescue him. Their designs were frustrated, however, by the vigilance and activity of the Police.

Etiquette.—We are given to understand by the Boston Morning Post, that "no *gentleman* will remain in the presence of a lady with his head covered." *That* depends upon circumstances. We should rather decline standing bareheaded with a strong nor'wester whistling about our ears, the Post's code of etiquette to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Large Business upon a Small Scale.—Danville, N. H. (says the Gazetteer of that State) contains a population of *two* persons. The *inhabitants*, in discussing politics, are too much inclined to deal in personalities. We wonder which party has the majority in that *city*.

Erie, (Pa.) according to a late census, contains 4007 inhabitants—1940 females and 2067 males. A very fair distribution of the sexes this. In some places a little farther west, the proportion of the former to the latter is about one to five. In Wisconsin a young unmarried lady is quite a *rara avis*—and if at all interesting, is considered worth her weight in diamonds.

Pill-ology.—It is said that Dr. Brandreth is enabled to swallow twenty of his pills at a time, without wincing. If Dr. Brandreth would swallow *all* the pills he makes, the Boston Post will agree to consider him the greatest philanthropist living.

'*Late from the Frontier.*'—Mr. J. Niblo, of the Shakspeare Refectory, has just received from Navy Island '*a saddle* of bear,' which he says is the only *patriot* that has been 'hung and quartered' as yet.

Waltzing.—A writer in the American is out against this fashionable amusement, which he denounces as highly improper and not to be practised by any female having a proper respect for herself. An observing friend informs us that most of the ladies of his acquaintance who indulge freely in this exciting dance, are without brothers. We shall give an opinion upon this subject hereafter.

Head Dress of the 'haut ton.'—The London Court Journal says that the ladies at Court have adopted the mode of revealing as much of the face as is in accordance with propriety, and that it is now considered *mauvais ton* to be seen with either small or large curls. Flowers are much worn in the hair, of colors to suit the complexion.

It is estimated that the newspapers published in the United States are equal to issuing six volumes per minute, as large as the Bible. This is 'dissemination of knowledge' with a vengeance.

Dr. John Eberl, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the medical department of Transylvania University, died at Lexington on the 3d inst. He formerly filled the chair of Materia Medica in Jefferson Medical College, Phi'adelphia, and was distinguished for his great ability as an author and practitioner.

Sir Francis Head.—The Ex-Governor of Upper Canada, and family, arrived in town on Thursday evening last, on their way to England by the next London packet, and are quartered for the present at the Athenæum Hotel. It is rumored that the British residents of this city contemplate offering him a public testimonial of their regard in the shape of a dinner.

Canal around the Muscle Shoals, Tenn.—This great work, through the efforts of the General and State Governments, is at length completed and ready for use. Several boats have already passed through it and a steamer is expected round in two or three weeks.

Late from Florida.—Information has reached the Memphis Enquirer that Gen. Jesup was busy trying to capture a couple of squaws "under a flag of truce."

Matrimonial Despatch.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Transcript gives the following account of the manner in which they get married in Texas:—

"I rode 30 miles the other day to marry two couple, but got belated and did not reach the house till about 12 at night. Folks a-bed—brides *to be* and all—and a deal of trouble it was to wake them. They finally got up, struck a light, spread the table, (bread, venison, and wild honey,) were married, and went to bed again."

St. Augustine, Feb. 3.

From Florida.—The substance of a letter received by a gentleman from an officer at Fort Pierce, dated the 29th of January, 1838, says—"Jesup has had a fight with the Indians. The Tennesseans generally behaved well." The number of the Indians considerably more than has been supposed. The Indians loss very trifling, as far as has been ascertained; their provisions, cattle and ammunition, ascertained to be plenty. "They never have fought on fair terms; in every fight except Capt. Powell's, they have had the advantage of ground. There they had it in numbers, but came out into open ground. Jesup fought across a creek, and after the action discovered that his force was sufficient to have surrounded their position, which from the information I have received, cannot cover more than ten acres of ground. They had holes mortiched in the trees, pickets set up, and palmetoes set up, so as to cover them and form blinds, and had cleared away the hammock on the side Jesup attacked them, which exposed his men altogether, without their seeing the enemy."

Another letter from an officer to a gentleman here dated at the same place, 1st Feb. says:

"The Southern express of this evening brings important news from the army. Gen. Jesup has had a hard battle with the Indians, he completely routed them. He was severely wounded in the action in the face, but still commands, and is in full pursuit of the enemy, who have fled South. He had 7 killed on the field and 32 wounded, 2 of whom are since dead. It is reported that Wild Cat is badly wounded. The battle was fought on the La-che-ha-bee. This war must soon be ended now."

Highway Robbery.—Two young Englishmen on Friday evening presented a pistol at the breast of Mr. Aaron J. Crane, in Washington street, Jersey City, and demanded his money, at the same time threatening to take his life if he refused. Mr. Crane promtply gave an alarm, and by the assistance of those that went to his relief, succeeded in arresting both and sending them to jail. They have only been in the country a few days, and are said to have confessed that they came here with the view of living by robbery and theft.

Physicking vs. Feeding.—A Physician who attended the family of a refectory man, ate at times rather extensively after finishing his professional visits. Finally he sends in his bill of $60, and Boniface up to trap, transmits a rejoinder of $74 for divers terrapins, canvass backs, and pickerel, made way with by the Doctor. The latter was wroth and assaulted the refectory man, who brought Esculapius up to the police. [Star.

A Man and Horse killed on the Providence Railroad.—As the Providence cars were passing through Sekonk a day or two since, they met at the crossing a two-horse wagon, driven by a person on foot aged about 60, and apparently deaf. The bell of the engine was rung to no purpose. The cars struck the wagon, throwing one of the horses into the culvert, which killed him instantly. The poor man saw too late his danger, and throwing himself back into the culvert was also killed. [Star.

Counterfeits.—Some spurious fives and tens of the Farmers and Planters' Bank of Baltimore, are said to be in circulation at Hanover, Penn. The Baltimore Gazette says there cannot be many, as the last of the notes were printed 6 months ago. The counterfeits are said to be made from genuine plates, but the name of the President is printed *Chaston* instead of Cheston.

The Mandans not Exterminated.—We are gratified to learn from the St. Louis papers that a gentleman just arrived there from the Mandan nation reports that the rumors in circulation of their total destruction by small pox are unfounded, only *one-fourth* of them having died—a pretty fair *hecatomb*, however, we should call it, to the voracity of the remorseless trader. The Mandans, as portrayed in Catlin's Gallery, are the noblest of the Indian race. Go and see their portraits.

The Louisville, Ky. Journal says: 'Our city has been recently the theatre of numerous crimes and outrages. On Saturday night a man in a broil had his skull fractured with brick-bat. Yesterday a brute shot his wife dead with a pistol. On the same day a man was stabbed and robbed of a small sum of money. On Sunday night an attempt was made to fire the house of Judge Jones.'

Lumbermen's Bank, Warren, Pa.—It is stated by several citizens of Warren, upon an investigation of this concern, that it was fully able to redeem all its circulation and discharge all its other obligations. New and more faithful officers have been placed in charge of it.

The Michigan City Gazette of Jan. 17, says—"We are informed that bank bills purporting to be on the 'Bank of Michigan City,' are in extensive circulation in the East, and take this opportunity to inform our friends abroad, that no such banking institution exists in this place, in fact none of any kind."

People's Bank, Bangor.—A notice has been issued by the cashier of the People's Bank, Bangor, Me. calling upon the stockholders of that institution to meet on the 17th of this month to consider the expediency of surrendering their charter. What is the matter with the Bangorians? This is the second Bank which has called together its stockholders upon the same subject.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Ann Arbor, Mich. says: "There will be a State Bank chartered the present month with a capital of $5,000,000. The notes will be kept at par in New York, and will therefore become the principal remittance for western merchants. The Bank will be in active operation in forty days after its charter is granted. It will keep the Safety Fund Banks (which are now cautious) under its wing."

Insurance Offices in Massachusetts.—The whole number of Insurance Companies in Massachusetts, is 48—29 of which are in Boston. The whole amount of capital is $9,415,000. On the 1st December last, they had fire risks amounting to $63,766,512. The Boston Companies have $7,450,000 capital; fire risks $68,706,313, marine risks $58,881,717.

Dividend.—The Jefferson Insurance Company have declared a dividend of 7 per cent. for the last six months.

A Good Business.—The Cleveland, Ohio, Insurance Co. declared on the 1st ult. a semi-annual dividend of 32½ per cent.

Fire at Danbury, Ct.—The store of Gabriel J. Seeley, with all its contents, was entirely destroyed by fire on Monday. Insurance $2000.

Women in Love.—What capital diplomatists men are in love matters; and how eager is simple, vain woman, to believe them all that is disinterested and high minded, because they can scatter a little gold dust upon the surface of that hollow mine of selfishness within their bosom! For women, acute and well-judging in other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them; a moral mist rises over their understandings—they become credulous as bigots—and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort, of merit, by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seems only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. 'To refuse twenty good offers, and marry an apprentice at thirty,' is next to a proverb. Well seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from Love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex—the result of many friendly confidings in these matters—I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen on such points than of thirty-six; and whilst it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen and the folly of young girls, the moralist who wishes well to womankind should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty, the extreme rashness of forty, the next to madness of forty-five. The Lady Annabella.

Sympathy.—Do you intend to go to the funeral of poor Mrs. B———to morrow." Asked one lady of another at a morning visit.

"Why, I cannot exactly say. Are there many hacks engaged?"

"Yes, a great number."

"Then I believe I shall go and take the children, for the poor little creatures hav'nt had a ride for the last six weeks."

A man in Brighton lately swore such a tremendous oath as to split the end of his tongue about half an inch. Another became so addicted to intemperance that his nose assumed the form of a demijohn. Galaxy.

'Those Lips so Sweet.'—Rats, it seems, know what's good, as well as other people. A maiden lady was awakened from her 'delicious sleep' the other night in this town, by very familiar caresses from somebody. She found to her horror, that a large rat had fastened himself upon her lips, and it was with great difficulty she could disengage him! This is fact not fiction, and the incredulous can see the print of his teeth upon her virgin mouth even now! North. Courier.

THEATRES.

The Park.—Save this Theatre, there has not been another in the city worth attending, for the last two weeks. The reproduction of 'Grand Spectacles'—worn out Comedies and Nautical humbugs, constitute pretty much the sum total of what has been done at the other establishments. These performances are beneath the dignity of a notice. After all, there is no place like 'Old Drury.' The manager himself is a second *Bunn* in ability; and nearly one half of the stock company would shine as stars in any other firmament.

The last attraction which Mr. Simpson has favored us with, is Miss Maywood, styled 'La petite Augusta.' We are glad to find that our Philadelphia friends have not, as usual, overrated her. Miss Maywood is a well formed girl, somewhat handsome, and older than her appearance indicates. She has the credit of being fifteen at least. Her dancing is sprightly and pleasing, and her attitudes are not without grace. The house has been crowded upon the nights of her performance, and her reception has been as enthusiastic as her best friends could have wished.

The Philadelphians are loud in their praise of Mde. Caradori Allan, who is performing to crowded and highly fashionable houses. Forrest is at Baltimore; Vanderhoff at Charleston; Miss Tree at New Orleans; Augusta at Boston, and Le Compte at Philadelphia. Cooke is reorganizing another Equestrian Stud.

Married,

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. K. True, John F. Driggs to Miss Anna M. second daughter of the Rev. William C. Hawley, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by Rev. N. J. Marselus, John Fowler to Miss Margaret Westervelt.

On the 7th inst. by Rev. Mr. Somers, Robert T. Woodward to Miss Hetty Davis.

On the 8th inst. by Rev. Dr. Phillips, Charles E. Anderson to Miss Sarah Phelps.

On the 8th inst. by Rev. W. G. Miller, Henry Beer to Miss Lydia M. Doremus.

On the 10th inst. by Rev. J. H. Brouner, Samuel S. Whitlock to Miss Elthea Nixon.

At Monmouth, N. J. by Rev. Mr. Simeson, James F. Miller, of this city, to Miss Sarah Jemson, of the former place.

Died,

On the 7th inst. Theron Upson, in the 43d year of his age.
On the 8th, Elizabeth Boyce, aged 75.
On the 8th, Elizabeth Grant, 53.
On the 9th, John N. Grenzebach, 84.
On the 9th, James Smottork, 39.
On the 10th, Mary, wife of James P. Carryl, 64.
On the 10th, John Oliff, 66.
On the 10th, Daniel B. Clark, 32.
On Monday, Charles Graham, Esq. 56.
At North Hempstead, L. I. on the 10th, Julia, daughter of Eliphalet Moubray, Esq. 19.
At Kingston, Wm. Cockburn, Esq. 40.
At Augusta, Ransom Taylor, Esq. of this city, 30.

Penmanship—Mr. Strong's Classes in a beautiful and rapid style of Chirography, meet daily at 402 Broadway, near Concert Hall. Select Classes of Ladies from 11 to 12 A.M. and from 3 to 4 P. M. Gentlemen all other hours throughout the day and evening. Mr. Strong having devoted 14 entire years to the instruction of this branch alone, in the New England Cities, Colleges and Seminaries of learning, pledges himself not only to satisfy all who test his skill in Mercantile, Epistolary, and Ornamental Writing, that his system is not surpassed, but likewise to render ample satisfaction to all his patrons. No charge for extra lessons. Instruction in Schools and Private Families, at stated hours, will be given, if desired.

Testimonials of character and ability to teach from 110 distinguished individuals, among whom are the following:

New York—Rev. G. Spring, D.D.; Rev. Wm. Patton, D.D.; Rev. Wm. Adams.

Massachusetts—Rev. H. Humphrey, D.D. President of Amherst College, Hon. J. C. Bates, Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, Rev. S. Osgood, D.D., Rev. B. O. Peabody.

Connecticut—Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D., Hon. J. M. Niles, Hon. J. Toucey, Hon. R. R. Hinman, Sec. State, Wm. Field, Esq. Comp'r Public Accounts, &c. &c. Feb. 17—2t*

New and Admired Music.—Atwill, at his Music Saloon, is constantly publishing new Music. The following are some of the most popular:

"The Guests were bidden," from "Fair Rosamond."
"My Childhood's hours farewell," do do
Mine must be the timid tear, do do
The Minstrel woo'd a beauteous Maid, do do
The Lily no longer my brow, &c. do do
Not for me—not for me, from "Catherine Gray."
Sweet Peace, true Harbinger, do do
Oh! could I love him, do do
The Rose of Jersey, from The Blanche of Jersey.
The Shepherd's evening bell, do do

"True love can ne'er forget," a favorite ballad from the songs of "The Legends and Traditions of Ireland," as sung by Mad. Caradori Allan, written and composed by Samuel Lover.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free," the popular song as sung by Mr. Richings, in Le dieu et la Bayadere.

"She wove a Wreath of Roses," as sung by Mrs. Wood.
The Charming Woman "The Nice Young Man."
Crow Quadrilles. Victoria Quadrilles.
New editions of Augusta Waltzes, Wreath Quadrilles.
New Marches, Duetts, Waltzes, &c. &c. &c.
Catalogues given, and Music sent to any part of the city, gratis, at
F10 ATWILL'S Music Saloon, 201 Broadway, sign Golden Lyre.

Combe on the Constitution of Man.—The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects. By George Combe. Eighth American Edition, materially revised and enlarged. For sale at the Phrenological Book-store, by
F10 3t GEORGE O. BARTLETT, No. 109 Fulton st.

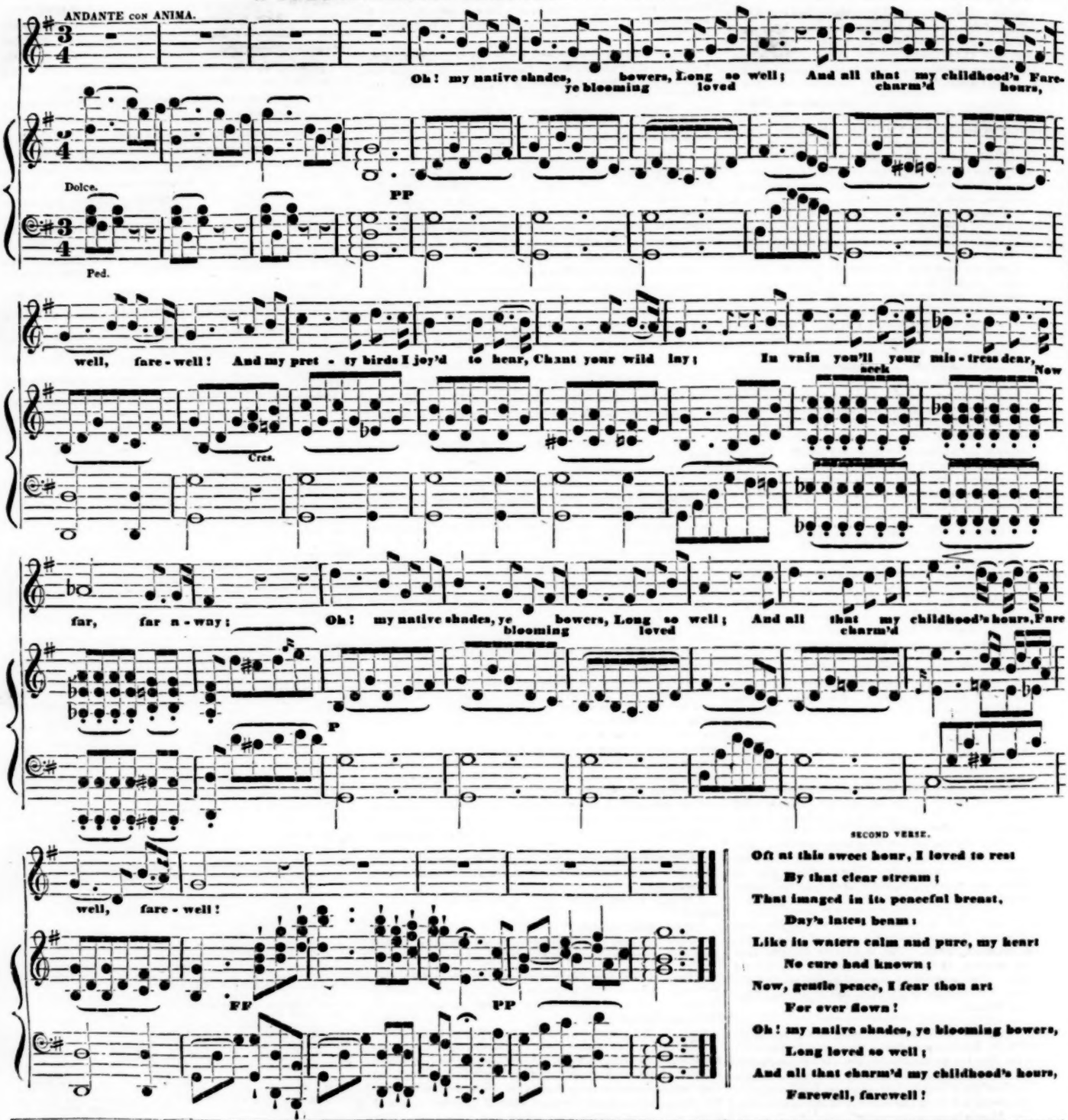
Combe on Digestion and Dietetics.—The Phisiology of Digestion considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and Physician in Ordinary to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. First American Edition, just received, and for sale at the Phrenological Book-store, by
F10 3t GEORGE O. BARTLETT, No. 109 Fulton st.

Moral Philosophy.—Lectures on Moral Philosophy; delivered before the "Edinburgh Philosophical Society," and reported for the "Edinburgh Chronicle." By George Combe, Esq. For sale by
F10 2t GEORGE O. BARTLETT, No. 109 Fulton st.

The Silk Raiser's Manual.—The Art of Raising and Feeding Silk Worms, and of Cultivating "The Mulberry Tree." By M. Motis, member of several learned societies—translated from the French—for sale by GEO. O. BARTLETT, 109 Fulton st. Jan. 6

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOURS, FAREWELL.

A BALLAD:—MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.



SECOND VERSE.

Oft at this sweet hour, I loved to rest
By that clear stream;
That imaged in its peaceful breast,
Day's latest beam:
Like its waters calm and pure, my heart
No care had known;
Now, gentle peace, I fear thou art
For ever flown!
Oh! my native shades, ye blooming bowers,
Long loved so well;
And all that charm'd my childhood's hours,
Farewell, farewell!

TO MY WIFE.

PILLOW thy head upon this heart,
My own, my cherished wife!
And let us for one hour forget
Our dreary path of life:
Then let me kiss thy tears away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the days of halcyon youth,
When all was hope and glee.

Fair was the early promise, love,
Of our joy-freighted barque;
Sunlit and lustrous too the skies
Now all so dim and dark:
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drove with shattered sail,
But Love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threatening gale.

Come, let me part those clustering curls,
And gaze upon thy brow;
How many, many memories
Sweep o'er my spirits now!
How much of happiness and grief—
How much of hope and fear—
Breathe from each dear lov'd lineament
Most eloquently here!

Thou gentle one! few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;
The storm hath left our paradise
With but one sunny spot:
Hallowed fore'er will be that place
To hearts like thine and mine;
'Tis where our childish hands upreared
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
Where, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love?
The poor man's blessing and his curse
Pertain alike to me;
For, shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich in the